

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Feeding pigeons in Trafalgar Square

Henry Grant

In this number:

Ghosts on the French Political Scene (Darsie Gillie)

Power and Principle in Central Africa (Colin Leys)

Bassano in Venice (Quentin Bell)

Portrait of a team of 19 company heads



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The Listener

Vol. LVIII. No. 1485

Thursday September 12 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Ghosts on the French Political Scene (Darsie Gillie) ...	375
The Commonwealth's Smaller Territories (Sir Hilary Blood) ...	377
Power and Principle in Central Africa (Colin Leys) ...	379
Are Britain's Docks Efficient? (D. F. Macdonald) ...	385

THE LISTENER:

Personality in Sport ...	382
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	382

DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany) ...	383
--	-----

SOCIOLOGY:

Women 'Inside' (Erica Leys) ...	387
---------------------------------	-----

BIOGRAPHY:

Two Brief Encounters (Sewell Stokes) ...	389
--	-----

EDUCATION:

Educating Future Technologists (D. G. Christopherson) ...	391
---	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	392
--	-----

RELIGION:

Christ in the Mind of St. Paul—IV (Canon C. E. Raven) ...	395
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Reginald Moss, M.P., Dr. F. Arnot Bearn, R. A. Simmons, L. G. Duke, Hugh Heckstall-Smith, Professor J. J. C. Smart, Samuel J. Looker, Professor the Rev. H. Martyn Sanders, Richard Schick, John Highet, and E. Gold ...	396
---	-----

ART: Bassano in Venice (Quentin Bell) ...	398
---	-----

LITERATURE:

The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	399
New Novels (Hilary Corke) ...	402

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Martin Armstrong) ...	404
Television Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	404
Sound Drama (Roy Walker) ...	405
The Spoken Word (Harold Beaver) ...	407
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	407

MUSIC: The Music of Max Reger (Harold Truscott) ...	409
---	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	411
-----------------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	411
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,424 ...	411
-------------------------	-----

Ghosts on the French Political Scene

By DARSIE GILLIE

GHOSTS are an essential part of every human society. Not only are they inevitable; they are useful; even desirable. If war is too serious a matter to be left to the soldiers, as Clemenceau said, then life is also too serious to be left entirely to those who happen at any moment to be occupying their brief span of it. Ancestral voices do not necessarily prophesy war. But you begin to notice ghosts when they play too big a part in your life.

If I am discussing ghosts on the French political scene it is because I think they have too large a say at present. I do not mean that France is necessarily more ghost-ridden than many other countries of which I know less. I hasten to add also that I do not think France is doomed to live in the shadow of her past any more than, say, Germany or Italy. For long she had one of the lowest birth rates in Europe, with a consequent predominance of the middle-aged and old, but she is now in process of becoming a young country. While the number of births fell from 700,000 to 600,000 in the 'thirties and went much lower during the war, it has stood at 800,000 or more for twelve years—higher, I think, than in Great Britain with its larger population. Of course it takes more than twelve years to rejuvenate a country. While there are some 800,000 children aged eleven in the French schools, there is a bare 500,000 of adolescents aged sixteen. Meanwhile smaller year groups, devastated by two world wars, are carrying the double burden of supporting a large class of the aged and a large group of the young. Until the children now at school start remodelling their country's life in the seventies and eighties of this century, France must remain a rather middle-aged country in which the ghosts of old habits and old ideas may have too much say.

There is another reason perhaps why these ghosts dominate. With an almost stable population for more than half a century, France's building industry declined. It is true that people moved from the country, where they left houses falling into decay, to the towns, where new industries provided new jobs. Still, in pre-war France there was nothing like the amount of building

that went on in Britain or Germany or Italy. In consequence post-war France, faced both with vast destruction and with families running to four children instead of to two, has been much slower than any of her neighbours to get a rehousing programme going. People are living crowded together in older houses than we are. Some of these older houses would rightly arouse your envy, but far more would not. France is probably the west European country where the housing problem is most acute. This is bad for nerves and does not encourage a free play of the mind.

If anything, it is perhaps remarkable that the French have shed some habits of thought so quickly. France, for instance, has been quick in dropping the idea that the only way to deal with Germany is either to break her into small pieces or to isolate her. It is certainly not agreeable to French sensibilities to have Germans occupying high positions in the Nato command and in the future organisation of Europe, whether on a six-power basis or a larger one. But communist attempts to exploit this have not been at all successful.

French economic conservatism has been slower to give way, but in committing their country to the Common Market the French have set their feet on a road which must mean the gradual discarding of all the initiative of French business enterprise. Her antiquated tax system, which still provides more revenue from indirect than direct taxation, urgently needs a complete overhaul if she is to compete in the modern world, but such an overhaul needs reserves during the change-over. It will continue a matter of blue-prints until this or a succeeding government can again put the treasury in a position to look comfortably ahead.

Still more important perhaps is the discussion, now well launched, of French educational reform. French rationalism may work in two ways. It may be an instrument of bold, almost too bold, advance; it may equally provide a most surprising camouflage of habit and prejudice as reasonable and logical

behaviour. To make every man his own judge of the universe produces happy results only if he can be persuaded to include himself in his critical review of the world, and that does not always happen; it happens the less often if an educational system is insufficiently effective in mixing the classes as the French one certainly is at the higher levels. One reason for the strength of French class barriers is that much too small a percentage of university students comes from the working class. In its present condition French schooling is still producing too many young people for whom the correct use of their own language, one of the justifiable prides of French educationists, is in danger of limiting thought at least as much as it clarifies it. Formal powers of expression much superior to those current in most countries often go in France with a limited range of ideas. A thorough overhaul of the educational system has been prepared. This would make its higher levels more easily accessible, would extend facilities for scientific and technical studies, and reduce the importance of such dubious ornaments as the *baccalauréat*. A scheme for this has been prepared and would perhaps be already on the statute book, if it were not for those linked obstacles—financial difficulties and the Algerian war.

Emancipation and Centralisation

Algeria: that brings us into the middle of ghosts. Why, says the Englishman, bursting with the beauties of the dominion system, do not the French follow in North Africa our example elsewhere? There we forget a very ancient ghost that taught us a lesson long ago—the ghost of the Americans of 1776. We also forget that the dominion system would not have grown without colonies of predominantly European population and that we had annexed in 1763 the only one the French possessed, Canada. But there are greater difficulties than that in the path of French thinking. The whole French political tradition since the revolution associates the idea of emancipation with centralisation—the general will expressing its beneficent purpose through one parliament and one government, which in turn dispenses order and progress through its servants, the prefects.

The 'indivisible' was one of the blessed words of the First Republic, and when the revolutionary authorities had to rename the old Place Royale, they first of all called it the Place de l'Indivisibilité, before christening it by its present title, Place des Vosges, in honour of the department which had the best taxpayers. When France's new constitution was being devised after the war, M. Edouard Herriot, that pillar of French liberalism, rose to protest against a proposed clause which might have opened the door to secession by the colonies. 'We must give them every right we possess', he said, 'but no more. We cannot secede. Why should they?' The French line of instinctive thought was shown clearly enough in the handling of protectorates. For although the men who established the protectorates in Tunisia and Morocco had in mind the advantages of the looser British approach to overseas problems, the practice established was soon modelled as closely as possible on that of centralised government in Algeria, and some of the results achieved—the building of great cities for instance—would have been hard to bring about without such a concentration of power. There the republic was perpetuating the tradition of the kings who remodelled the French provinces in the seventeenth and eighteenth century, while keeping the provincial nobles vainly occupied at Versailles.

France has therefore faced her overseas problems not only without even an embryonic dominion system, but without any institution which could be gradually developed into federalism. Indeed, the terms of the constitution are unanimously held by lawyers to prevent any truly federal relationship, so that for real self-government to be granted to overseas territories it is generally agreed that the constitution must be revised. M. Defferre, Minister for overseas France in the Mollet Government, did in fact find a way of setting up something very like parliamentary government in the provinces constituting French West and Equatorial Africa and Madagascar, by the simple device of calling the *de facto* Prime Minister a vice-president of the Council of Government, and leaving the title of President to the French Governor. But the functions of these Councils of Government are limited, and a sharp distinction has so far been drawn between the functions of sovereignty—that is, defence, foreign policy,

finance, and justice—and those which can be conceded. That the constitution must be reformed so as to permit something more like a federal relationship with the overseas territories has been admitted widely, by M. Mollet for instance, but the subject has not been thrashed out and it is to be doubted whether many people have taken in its implication.

You may well ask whether French political thinking would in fact easily accept in practice the possibilities that such a reform of the constitution could open. No doubt the limited self-government already granted in black Africa will soon raise conflicts of competence that will provide tests. But the question will certainly be forced on French opinion by an inevitable dilemma. The French Union differs from British ideas and practice in that all territories have some representation in the Paris parliament. Logically, if there is no federal development, this representation, which is at present small, should be increased until the overseas territories have as many deputies in proportion to their population as have the departments of Metropolitan France—that is, nearly half the seats. Some logical-minded Frenchmen would accept this as the working out of a great idea and the way to make a great France. Most Frenchmen would not. Indeed, it could obviously not work. It is doubtful whether even the overseas populations desire it. The inhabitants of small scattered territories like the French West Indian islands or Reunion may well find the solution of their problem in being simply Frenchmen with particularly wide powers of local self-government, as do already the inhabitants of St. Pierre et Miquelon in the gulf of St. Lawrence. But West Africans and Madagascans seem to be on the way to form nationalities of their own, a road along which the Algerians have already gone much farther. The French are thus faced with a problem inside the French Union a little similar to that provided in foreign affairs a century ago by their ancestors' association of the ideas of national unity and political liberty. United Italy and united Germany were the result, with as yet no European framework to contain them.

Proposals for Algeria

But when Frenchmen do turn from the idea of an undivided French Union to that of federalism—which has no ghostly allies in their history—it is evident that for many of them this only means decentralisation on the basis of a single sovereignty which potentially remains unimpaired. The government has been brooding over new plans for Algeria which makes this only too clear. The word federation is used in at least one of the two main versions current but this does not refer to the relations between Algeria and France; it refers to a new internal organisation of Algeria. Autonomy would be given on roughly the West African pattern to half-a-dozen regions, with at Algiers itself only a representative of the Paris government and some kind of co-ordinating machinery. This ingenious suggestion is tempting since it would leave the Paris government face to face with much weaker local governments than would be constituted by an autonomous authority for the whole of Algeria. But it has two devastating drawbacks: first, the Algerians do not want it; secondly, it devalues words that France will want to use in their true sense tomorrow. As M. Mitterrand has shrewdly observed, there is a danger of France acting like a self-deluded ventriloquist, who takes the second voice that he has conjured from his stomach to be that of another person. France has committed this error on more than one occasion in her past relations with colonial peoples.

This particular form of haunted political thinking tends to suppose that the reforms will provide not only a new but a permanent pattern. It overlooks the force of historical evolution, which may perhaps be contained within banks, but cannot be dammed up. Even if a form of federal relationship is found, which in the immediate future provides a solution for the West African or even Algerian problems, it will certainly lead to further demands. If France does succeed in creating a federation between herself and her former colonies, the enduring achievement will certainly not be any federation created from Paris in the near future, but another one built up as much from the newly emancipated territories as from France herself. Frenchmen seem inclined to suppose even yet that African territories might be as contented with a Paris-made federation, as in the past Alsace and Corsica, or even

(continued on page 381)

The Commonwealth's Smaller Territories

By SIR HILARY BLOOD

MALAYA has been much in the news for the last few days. We have heard and seen a great deal about the creation of a new state, independent and with its own king, yet at the same time a member of the Commonwealth. But, as you listened—or perhaps as you looked at the map of Malaya—did you think at all of Singapore, the island colony at the foot of the peninsula? Did you think of its future prospects as what is to be known as an ‘internally self-governing state’?

Singapore is a reminder that the Commonwealth does not consist entirely of large countries, inhabited by millions of people, rich in agricultural, mineral or industrial resources, actually or potentially independent nations. There are many little places: the islands, the archipelagoes, the coral reefs, the isolated stretches of territory in the great continents. We forget sometimes how small many of these places are. There is about as much of Mauritius, for example, as there is of the county of Surrey: and Gibraltar measures only two-and-a-quarter square miles. It follows that populations are correspondingly small, and though the national income varies with the available resources—a great free port like Singapore is obviously richer than, say, Basutoland—the cost of the burden of sovereign status is far beyond them.

So, what is to be the future of these little places? What is the alternative to sovereign status? And remember this is, in the end, a human problem: it is the people of Zanzibar or Sierra Leone, or St. Helena whose future we are considering. So we must ask: what do they want? And how far can we meet their wishes?

It is some time since I left even the last of the smaller dependencies in which I lived—Mauritius—and much longer since my Sierra Leone days. I hesitate, therefore, to speak of the wishes

and aims of those with whom I once worked. Their wishes vary, their aims are set higher as time goes on. But, in any of the smaller territories in which I served, the people certainly wished to run their own internal affairs, to see responsibility resting on their own



Municipal buildings in Singapore, one of the places which remind us that ‘the Commonwealth does not consist entirely of large countries’—

leaders, and to find government departments staffed, for the most part at least, by their own people.

So I put it to you: What can the Commonwealth, which has done so much for the larger, more populous places, do for the smaller ones which contain too few people to stand alone in present-day conditions? It is natural to turn in the first place to official statements of policy on the subject. The *locus classicus* is a Labour Party declaration that ‘the colonial policy of the British Government is to lead the dependent territories along the road to responsible self-government’. And this statement of policy was endorsed by the Conservative Party in 1951.

What strikes me in this statement is the assumption that there is one path leading to one end for all colonial territories, large or small. No distinction is made between places which are large enough to sustain sovereign status and those which are not. And because the statement of policy over-simplifies the problem to which it applies, and because up to the present we have seen only the larger, viable dependencies reach their final state of constitutional development, there is a general idea, here and overseas, that sovereign status is the aim for all. Obviously it cannot be: and harm has been done by not making this perfectly clear. It was clear enough to Mr. Asquith, anyway, at the first Imperial Conference of 1911 when, speaking of the Empire, he referred to the ‘fortunes of fellow subjects who



—and Gibraltar, which measures two-and-a-quarter square miles

have not yet attained, or perhaps in some cases may never attain, to the full stature of self-government'. But this important qualification seems to have been lost sight of until recently.

The result of not facing the issue is that when Her Majesty's Government insists on what is inevitable, a lesser status for a small dependent territory, there is an immediate outcry: back we go to shouts of 'colonialism', of 'limitation of freedom', of 'rights of self-determination'; back, in fact, to the worst possible conditions in which to invent and to assemble the delicate constitutional machinery required to provide some alternative to sovereign independence. I use the word 'invent' purposely because, at the moment, it is clear that in the absence of any tried and successful constitutional model for smaller territories we must work out something new, something which we hope will be at least as appropriate to its task as have been the sovereign constitutions worked out for the larger territories.

The Federal Solution

How far has invention already gone? Has any progress been made towards finding a final constitutional set-up, acceptable to a dependent territory which can never achieve sovereign status? On occasion it happens that a number of such places is so situated or grouped that, while individually they can never be sovereign, collectively they can, as a federation. The British Caribbean Federation, to be known as the West Indies, is an example of this solution. With the possible exception of Jamaica none of the British Caribbean islands is large enough to be viable. But a federation of some 3,000,000 people is another matter. It is true that the new creation will not be fully sovereign when it first comes fully into existence next spring. But this final step is implicit in the development which is taking place and cannot be long delayed.

Another possible federal grouping would be an extension in the future of the federation of Malaya to include Singapore, North Borneo, Sarawak, and Brunei; and federation in or with a sovereign state is certainly the simplest and most acceptable alternative when local sovereignty is impossible. And while we are considering this possibility, what about bringing the Bahamas and Bermuda, islands which have many commercial and economic ties with North America, into the Canadian Federation? There is also, I suppose, just the possibility of creating a federation in West Africa which might bring in the Gambia and perhaps Sierra Leone, but that is looking very far ahead.

But unfortunately the colonial territories are not all so conveniently situated nor grouped. Some dependencies obviously cannot be federated—an island like Malta, for example. For Malta a different kind of solution has been suggested. The proposals combine a maximum of local autonomy, exercised through the Malta parliament, together with representation in the United Kingdom Parliament; and they involve a measure of economic parity between Malta and the United Kingdom. This is the 'integration' alternative to sovereign status, and these proposals have met with the approval of the Government of Malta, though not of the opposition.

It may be that this approach to the problem is capable of extension: what about integrating Fiji with New Zealand, for example; or Zanzibar with some sovereign East African state of the future? But a closer look at the Malta proposals suggests some limitations. Integration may be an admirable and acceptable alternative to local sovereignty, but the integrating country, in this case the United Kingdom, will have to watch the possible impact on its own internal politics of members of parliament elected by the 'integrated' country, in this case Malta. The dangers are obvious of a party in the House of Commons, not responsible to the electors of this country but perhaps having sufficient votes to affect decisions, or allow of bargaining, in United Kingdom affairs.

With the proposals recently approved for the future of Singapore we enter on yet another line of constitutional possibility. Singapore is about the size of the Isle of Man; it is thickly populated, mostly by people of Chinese origin; by colonial standards it is well-to-do; and it has considerable strategic importance. There has been general acceptance by Singapore political leaders of the fact that the island is too limited in area to become a sovereign state. The problem has been to grant a

maximum of responsibility for internal affairs to the people of Singapore and at the same time to retain such a measure of control as will ensure the internal security and stability required in a fortress colony if it is to serve Commonwealth trade.

The proposed constitution provides for a local Malayan-born Queen's Representative as Head of the State, an elected parliament with a Prime Minister and full local responsibility for all internal affairs. With the checks and balances agreed to for internal security purposes I am not at the moment concerned. What is of importance is the agreed constitutional set-up—that of an internally self-governing state. This is the first time that the word 'state' has been adopted as the title of a dependent territory, or that the qualifying phrase 'internally self-governing' has been used to describe a dependent territory which has reached the maximum stage of responsibility short of sovereignty.

There we have the three solutions so far reached—federation and integration, both involving at least a measure of representation in a sovereign legislature, and an internally self-governing state which by definition falls short of sovereignty. It is here that we get to the crux of the matter. Is the Singapore model one that can be followed elsewhere? If not, then can we invent something else which is acceptable?

The Labour Party has just tried to do so in its pamphlet on *The Smaller Territories*.^{*} It suggests a new form of Dominion Status—not Dominion Status as the phrase is customarily used to describe a stage in the progress of larger dependencies from a colonial to a sovereign form of government, but, in the words of the pamphlet, to mean 'autonomy in external and internal affairs' and a power given to territories 'too small to look after their own foreign policy and defence' to 'decide how and with whom arrangements should be made for the conduct of their external affairs' when they have 'reached the stage of democratic self-government'.

The appearance of this pamphlet is a welcome sign of interest in the problem of the smaller territories, and the solution it proposes deserves close study—whether or not it is as brilliant as Mr. Gordon-Walker suggested in a recent issue of *New Commonwealth*. I cannot here examine closely the Labour Party pamphlet. I only offer three observations on it: first, if there ever was an issue on which a bi-partisan policy is essential, surely the constitutional problem of the smaller territories is that issue; secondly, a free and undefined use of terms like 'sovereignty', 'independence', 'self-determination', 'natural rights', and the like, is not an aid to precise thinking; and thirdly, I have the feeling, as I read the pamphlet, that its authors have been too much influenced by the state of affairs in Cyprus. We must not allow that specific issue to influence too much our outlook on the score or more of other small territories involved. For my part, I believe that the idea of the internally self-governing state is one which is worth pursuing further.

'Headquarters of the Second Eleven'

There is one important point to make in conclusion. We must join up the two government offices which at present deal with the various countries of the Commonwealth. Rightly or wrongly, many of the smaller territories regard the Colonial Office as the headquarters of the second eleven; to be 'under the Colonial Office' is to them a sign of backwardness, it carries an implication of immaturity. As the old second Empire develops into the Commonwealth surely the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Colonial Office must come together into a Commonwealth Office. There are many arguments in favour of such a combination—not least these two: first, the need to remove from the little places, which feel it most, any idea that they are not integral parts of the Commonwealth with their own individual and unique contribution to make to its welfare; and, secondly, the overriding necessity to approach these smaller-territory problems from a Commonwealth angle and with Commonwealth support and backing. The division between the two offices has served its purpose, and indeed served it well. But its day is over and the physical reunion of the two would, I believe, as much as or even more than any other visible action, indicate the necessary change in approach to the problems of the smaller territories which is so long, and so obviously long, overdue.—*Home Service*

^{*} Labour's Colonial Policy No. 3 (Labour Party, 9d.)

Power and Principle in Central Africa

By COLIN LEYS

IN the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland all four governments—the Federal Government and the three territorial ones—are engaged, or shortly will be, in changing the qualifications for the vote. These changes are literally of historic significance at a time when the Federation is only a few years away from demanding what Rhodesians still like to call, in that cradle of imperialism, ‘Dominion Status’. They are almost the last, and in the long run perhaps the most important, of the whole chain of events out of which the new multi-racial state is being formed.

Formative Events

The formative events are of all kinds. Many are fast-moving economic changes which have brought the European population up from 100,000 to 250,000 since the war and thrust more and more of the 7,000,000 Africans into new jobs and opportunities, and into mushrooming new towns; ushering in immense and rapid social changes in their turn.

But the most significant events, given the wider context of Africa today, are undoubtedly legislative changes, made by the white man’s government in what used to be called the white man’s country of Southern Rhodesia, which have made serious breaches in the traditional walls of white supremacy. There have been, for example, measures to make radical improvements in African education and to make available individual land tenure for Africans; a Bill to foster the formation of multi-racial trade unions is now under discussion. These measures by no means signify the introduction of an egalitarian democracy, but one has only to contrast them with current policies in the Union of South Africa to see how very remarkable they are. Yet it is easy to point to trends in the opposite direction. The opposition party is unfavourable to these changes. Many people believe that they are also unpopular with many of the government’s own supporters. So the question is, will this progressive trend in social and economic matters be maintained? What guarantee is there that if it is left to the European population alone, a new government or new leaders may not stop or reverse it?

This brings us to the vital issue of the whole basis of government. To whom will the government in Central Africa be responsible? At present the electorate is virtually confined to Europeans; although there is nominally a common roll outside Nyasaland, the income and property qualifications are so high that all but a handful of Africans are excluded. As a result, the whole question of Central Africa’s future has now been reduced largely to this one issue—an extension of the franchise.

Two Main Proposals

I want to describe briefly the two main proposals which have been made. The Southern Rhodesian Government proposes to retain its common roll and its thirty-member parliament, and a modified but still high income or property qualification combined with educational qualifications, for so-called ‘ordinary’ voters. It will also enfranchise certain ‘special’ voters, consisting of people who either earn £20 a month or have been educated up to the level of the second year of secondary school. But when the number of ‘special’ voters reaches one-sixth of the total electorate the ‘special’ voters’ section of the roll will be closed. The Federal Government’s proposals are still more complex. The essential feature of its scheme, however, is that three-quarters of a Federal parliament of fifty-nine members will be elected by the ‘ordinary’ voters only; of the remaining quarter some are specially appointed to represent African interests and the others will be elected by both the ‘ordinary’ and the ‘special’ voters, voting together.

‘Ordinary’ voters will be much the same as the existing voters

who are on the roll now—nearly all of them Europeans, although any African who can get the qualifications will be able to become one too. ‘Special’ voters will undoubtedly be largely Africans, with some Indians and Coloured people. How many there will be cannot be worked out accurately in advance. But the Southern Rhodesian Government estimates that its ‘special’ voters’ section of the roll would be nearly full up almost at once—by the next election, in fact. The Federal proposals do not limit the number of ‘special’ voters allowed on to the roll; but the qualifications proposed for the Federal ‘special’ voters are much narrower, and it is unlikely that, even in the nine Federal seats in which they will be able to vote, Federal ‘special’ voters will outnumber the ‘ordinary’ voters for a long time to come.

All this may seem an elaborate formula for giving away very little; and so it is. All the same, in the context of Southern Africa, it represents a major advance. A great many Europeans in central Africa regard the Southern Rhodesian proposals, in particular, as far too radical, and it is still doubtful if they will reach the statute book in their present form. Yet even as they stand it is clear that they do not alter the whole basis of government. The new state which they foreshadow is still an oligarchy. There is no guarantee that future governments will maintain the present trend towards a fully integrated, egalitarian society.

A Step Forward

But this is not the only conclusion to be drawn from the debate on the basis of government in Central Africa. Although the actual proposals which the debate has produced do not themselves turn central Africa into a democracy, they are a step forward, however small. The question is, do they represent the beginning of a long evolution in this direction? Why is any step being taken at all? What is the political theory which finds expression in the current proposals for the franchise? After all, these proposals are supported by the most liberal and progressive section of the European community in central Africa.

These are the people who must champion them, and any further changes which are to take place. Do they see these proposals as a transition stage towards a more democratically responsible system of government? Or do they see them, as the Whigs saw the first Reform Bill, as a ‘final settlement’, the permanent foundation for their conception of the ideal state? It is important to know. The Reform Bill of 1832 admitted to political power a whole new commercial and industrial middle class, and before long what Whig aristocrats thought was the ideal basis of government ceased to matter very much—they were no longer in a position to insist upon it. But central Africa’s ‘first reform bill’ is a different proposition; it is careful *not* to let power pass from the hands of the people who already wield it. So it is important to know whether they intend that there ever shall be a ‘second reform bill’ later on.

The answer is, I believe, that they do not: although the language they use is different, they do see the state based on the current proposals for the franchise as approximating to their ideals. It is not really meant to be a half-way house to something else. In the course of the great debate on this question they have evolved a political theory for the society in which they live, and these proposals for the franchise are really meant to put it into practice. It is illuminating to compare this political theory of theirs with the one that was expounded, over 300 years ago, by Thomas Rainborough in his famous debate with Henry Ireton on the franchise in England. Rainborough argued that ‘the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the greatest he’ and owed no allegiance to any government ‘that he hath not had a voice to put himself under’; and when Ireton dogmatically asserted that political rights belonged exclusively to property he simply commented: ‘I do hear nothing at all that can convince

me'. This standpoint of Rainborough's, so revolutionary in its day, is commonplace in our own. Most of us would agree that if people are entitled to political rights it is because they are people, and for no other reason; most of us do not find in the least convincing the assertion that political rights belong, self-evidently, only to this or that section out of the community as a whole.

What is striking about the political theory of the central African liberals is that it neither accepts nor rejects the political philosophy of Colonel Rainborough. What it declares is that that whole debate is beside the point. The central African situation is, these liberals believe, unique. Political arguments, they contend, enjoy no universal validity. The first principles of government which have been hammered out in western Europe are doubtless useful enough in the situations which have produced them. Central Africa, however, raises different problems.

According to them, therefore, Colonel Rainborough may have been right in his day, may still be right in western Europe, but this has no bearing on the question confronting central Africa. The fact that they themselves would like to see several thousand Africans admitted to the franchise there consequently does not mean that they see this as a half-way house to something else. It is not supposed to be just a temporary compromise between oligarchy and Rainborough's popular principle. On the contrary, these specific proposals, and no others, are supposed to put into practice the sort of state which a new and original political theory, appropriate to the central African situation, regards as ideal.

The Tredgold Commission

The clearest statement of this indigenous philosophy of the central African liberals is contained in the report of the Tredgold Commission on the Southern Rhodesian franchise, on which the government's present proposals are largely based. Essentially the doctrine is this: universal adult suffrage is the democratic ideal—meaning an attractive but impossible system of government—which only 'works' in societies which are (a) homogeneous, and (b) at a 'fairly high degree of civilisation'. From this, two conclusions are believed to follow. First, even the most democratic societies exclude some people from political rights—lunatics and children—and where you have a country that is not homogeneous and largely backward the same reasons which in the one case exclude children and lunatics may in this case exclude others.

Whom should it exclude? It should clearly exclude those who are backward; for just as it would be self-defeating for democracy to give the vote to children (who might be induced by unscrupulous leaders to use the vote to destroy democracy itself), so it is self-defeating to give it to people who are below a fairly high degree of civilisation. The degree of civilisation can be tested in a rough but adequate fashion by tests of education and income, because education trains and informs the mind and because, to use the Commission's own words, 'under our present economy a man does not earn more than a subsistence unless he has certain qualities of mind and character'. Since the whole scale of African incomes is much lower than that of Europeans, a separate means test is required for them—hence the special qualification of £20 a month, much lower than the average wage for Europeans but far higher than the average for Africans.

The second conclusion of the theory is this: the country is racially mixed, and the line of race very nearly coincides with the line which divides the civilised and well-to-do from the uncivilised and poor. The have-nots may thus come to see their struggle for a better life as a racial struggle, and it is necessary to protect the rest of the population, and indeed the country as a whole, from the dangerous consequences of this. Consequently even those Africans who are sufficiently civilised to qualify as special voters must not be given just as much political power as their numbers might win for them. To reduce the risk of a rising spiral of racial hostility on both sides, the weight given to the 'special' voters must be limited. On the other hand, although they cannot be given control, they should be given a sense of sharing some political power with the ordinary voters, and this is what the 'special' voters roll is meant to do.

Finally, the theory is meant to offer a solution which will last,

if not for ever, for what the Commission calls 'the foreseeable future'. Progress is to take place not by changing this framework of the franchise but by the backward sections of the population acquiring higher and higher degrees of civilisation, until little by little, perhaps, Africans may escape from the limitations placed on the 'special' vote and establish themselves in strength as 'ordinary' voters too.

The Tredgold Commission's argument is by no means a weak one. There are plenty of examples of mass electorates who have sold their votes to the highest bidder, fostered large-scale corruption, tolerated persecution of unpopular minorities, and permitted the destruction of the rule of law and personal liberty. It would be idle to pretend that every adult African in Rhodesia cherishes a deep love of all the political virtues we place value on—if he even knows what they are—and the strength of racial sentiment is indeed liable to displace even such consideration for them as he already has. It is also true, in my opinion, that Europeans *would* react sharply and illiberally to any prospect that the African vote, however worthily exercised, might become decisive in elections.

A Basic Weakness

The whole theory has only one basic weakness. While it is true that wide electorates have been known to abuse their power, the record of narrow ones is scarcely better; and while a hardening of European racialism may be averted by the limits placed on the weight of special voters on the roll, no corresponding device for preventing the growth of African racial sentiment is contemplated.

Their theory rests, I think, on a dangerous half-truth, or half-realism. This can be stated another way. This new political theory recognises two kinds of *homo politicus*. One is educated, rational, unprejudiced, votes according to his conscience in the national interest; his deepest concern is for the public good. The rule of law, the independence of judges, personal freedom; these are the things that have first claim on his political attention. The other is illiterate, unskilled, ignorant of political affairs, poor; he has never heard of the public good but has a strong sense of his private good and will follow any demagogue who undertakes to serve it. The half-truth which the liberals' theory contains is that it recognises that by no means all Africans are like this second kind of political man.

But the trouble with half-truths, as someone has rightly said, is the other half; and what the theory fails to acknowledge is that by no means all Europeans are like the first kind. If they were, it would not matter if in due course Africans became dissatisfied with the degree of political power which the proposed 'ideal state' awards to them. Seeing that mounting dissatisfaction could only lead to disaster, the Europeans' deep concern for the public interest would ensure that a 'second reform bill' was passed in time to avert it. It would be pleasant to be able to feel that the scheme which is now being proposed will never have to face this challenge, so that Europeans will never be called upon to be the sort of political men which the theory assumes them to be. For it seems to me plain that they are not really like this ideal, any more than the Africans are like the other type of political man envisaged in the theory; and it also seems to me all too likely that the ideal state of the central African liberals will be challenged by Africans whose conception of the ideal state is entirely different.

Political Rights and Expediency

This last point brings us back again to Thomas Rainborough and his philosophy. Why should not the Africans follow the European liberals in concluding that it does not apply to central Africa? The answer is that Rainborough's philosophy is a philosophy of political rights, whereas the theory I have been discussing is really a theory only of expediency. For this reason it does not in fact succeed in displacing Rainborough's argument. It may be that the political climate in central Africa is unfriendly to all talk of political rights; I think it is. But this cannot prevent people thinking in terms of them.

Maybe, as the liberals argue, a universal adult franchise would not 'work' in central Africa; maybe it would break down. All the same, this is a way of saying that, to find a system which will work, any rights which people have as people must be treated

as unimportant. But just as Rainborough could not be persuaded that these rights were less important than the preservation of property, the Africans are not likely to agree that they are less important than the rule of law and all the other things dear to the hearts of central African liberals.

But it would be perverse to end on this note. Right or wrong, the European liberals in central Africa constitute the Federation's only hope of evolving into a liberal democracy by a process which is calm, tolerant, and bloodless. Small wonder if in their

theories, conscious of the risks of disaster, they take an optimistic view of their fellow-Europeans' foresight and statesmanship, and of the Africans' patience and understanding. No one who has lived even for a short time in central Africa can be unaware of their courage or forget how revolutionary and idealistic their scheme sounds by contrast with the traditional attitudes of the white community. And, whatever happens, the future can only be better for having witnessed a reform attempted by the white rulers which tried sincerely to be both wise and generous.

—Third Programme

Ghosts on the French Political Scene

(continued from page 376)

much more recently Guadeloupe and Martinique, have been with Paris-made departments. Some of the most liberal Frenchmen talk as if certain errors had only to be abandoned for France and, say, Algeria, to fling themselves into each others arms in a sisterly and egalitarian love, whereas the demand for a latch-key is bound to become one for a separate establishment with complete freedom of self-disposal.

It seems to me possible that the unitary conception of France and her overseas territories may yet bear some fruit as a factor in a more closely organised relationship between them than we have created with the British Commonwealth. But this will be possible only if the French themselves do not insist too much upon it: it is a question whether the idea itself would permit the growth of the attitude necessary for this fruition. It may be too like grafting a banyan tree on to a poplar.

A Human Difficulty

But the difficulty of creating institutions which involve to some extent the rejection of her own past political traditions is not the only ghostly difficulty in the Algerian problem. There is another to which my metaphor applies more closely. It is a human difficulty to which we have an analogy only in East Africa, although on a much less important scale. At the last census of Algeria in 1948 there were still three Algerian cities with a European majority—Algiers, Oran, and Sidi Bel Abbes. It is not certain whether Algiers still has such a majority. Fifty years ago a dozen Algerian cities had European majorities. It is a common assumption of the modern world that the city leads and the countryside follows. This no doubt was the general assumption of European Algerians, backed by the status of their country as an integral part of France. The idea that the local Moslem majority might one day claim to be the ruling power was so remote as to be ridiculous.

There have, of course, been a great many cases in which a once dominant majority, that for the time being gave its tone to the whole country, has gradually found itself edged out by the shift in population strengths and by its own failure to attract or perhaps admit the majority into its world—the Germans in the Baltic provinces, the Poles in Lithuania, White Russia and the Western Ukraine, the Italians in Dalmatia, the Swedes in Finland. Only the last case has had a relatively happy solution for the minority. There is a curious hypothetical case for the end of the next century—for, if pre-war populations trends were maintained in New Zealand, the small Maori minority might become the majority in five or six generations. How well could New Zealand liberalism accept that situation? It is always humanly tragic for the minority which finds itself homeless, and the case does not become less so by recalling past and present errors of a ruling class or solemnly asserting the democratic principles of majority rule. The Algerian Europeans are discovering with horror that their Algeria might cease to be theirs, not only in the sense of privileged occupation, but even of a home. They resist blindly the evidence of the census and the movement of the century. They point out that it is not only the home of their living families but of their dead, that the graves of three or sometimes four generations of their ancestors are there. It is difficult indeed to see how these ghosts are to be exorcised.

One thing is certain: the future relations of the European minority of Algerians, 1,000,000 strong, with the Moslem majority, 8,000,000 strong, that must dominate within only a few years does greatly depend on conduct today. The terrorists among the rebel leaders have adopted terrorist tactics evidently intended to make relations as bad as possible to the ultimate detriment of the Europeans. A number of the latter have replied in kind and have enjoyed the while the complacent tolerance of at least part of the administration. There is no record of punishment meted out to the European settlers who have lynched innocent Moslems; no tangible proof that those officials or soldiers who have tortured prisoners even to death have been punished.

Surely there are ghosts of the French past who should be having a say here—the ghost of Voltaire, the ghosts of the men who proclaimed the rights of man, the ghosts of all those who have struggled to make them real wherever France is sovereign; the ghosts of those who died under the torture of the Gestapo during the war because they wished men to be free of the threat of torture. They have their successors today in France and in Algeria, men who have not been afraid to be branded as unpatriotic for telling the truth. One would like to be sure that some of these successors were in sufficiently high places to prevent the repetition in the future of abominable acts that have occurred in the very recent past. The French Government has taken no step which makes this certain.—Third Programme

France: Government and Society, edited by J. M. Wallace-Hadrill and J. McManners (Methuen, 25s.) contains a dozen essays 'by various hands' given as lectures at Oxford two years ago, their aim 'to review and provoke thought about a particular aspect of the history of France, the interaction of government and society'. The first comes from Professor Hawkes, the pre-historian, the last from Professor Max Beloff on the contemporary scene. Not unexpectedly, the collection suffers from the common defect of symposia in its discontinuity. Also, it demands of the reader some knowledge of French history, but even with a minimum (some geography and the kings), he will find it agreeable and enlightening. It is delightful to be told that in the Capetian era after two centuries in which fashion had not changed, 'the waist-line dropped dramatically': but alas! Miss Smalley does not identify this early Dior. All the essayists dealing with the period from the ascension of the Valois to the outbreak of the Revolution display deep knowledge and the ability to synthesise to a remarkable degree. Mr. Armstrong on the Hundred Years War and the Renaissance ranges high and low between war taxation, change in language, the complexities of *droit coutumier*, the printers Garamond and Estienne, painting, architecture and Calvin, while Professor McManners' brilliant prologue to the Revolution is the work of one who has not only mastered many diverse and contending facts, but given each its due in the general construction. Compared with their forerunners, the historians who cover the period after 1815 are disappointing. They lack the limpidity and the precision of the earlier essayists. Mr. A. F. Thompson has a heavy hand with a pen. Both Mr. Thompson and Mr. P. W. Williams (who is the author of an excellent book on the Fourth Republic) thresh about in a bath of old politics. Professor Beloff winds up with an essay on the Fourth Republic most of which will be familiar to readers of Mr. Williams and that aseptic Swiss Dr. Herbert Lüthy. It is distinguished by the repulsive sentence: 'Nor is it clear that this demographic up-surge stands by itself'. Yet another cause, that of English prose, seems to have been lost at Oxford.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Personality in Sport

THERE are many fine technicians who give spectators really knowledgeable in the art of a game long hours of happiness, but this is not the same pleasure as that which is offered by personalities of genius who appeal not merely to those who understand but to a much wider public. Such artists include Stanley Matthews in Association football, Jean Borotra in lawn tennis, and a man who because of a physical disability has unhappily now been obliged to retire from his profession before his time, Denis Compton, the cricketer. A tribute to him by John Arlott is printed upon another page. What are the elements which give power to such a man, that make him a household name in his own country and wherever cricket is played? First, perhaps, is strength of character and command of an occasion: the sort of feeling that is conveyed to a lover of music when Sir Thomas Beecham takes the stand or to a theatre-goer when Sir Laurence Olivier comes upon the stage. They may have their peers as the exponents of their particular art: yet they have characteristics—eccentricities, sometimes—which are at once endearing and entertaining.

Another mark of genius is that such men love their profession, have a gift for the unusual, and are sportsmen first and last. Two occasions at Lord's remind one of Compton's strength of will: the first was when he played for England against Australia at the age of twenty: he came in at a critical moment when defeat seemed possible; he batted without a sign of nerves; when he was out the balance of fortune had shifted. The other occasion was a fortnight ago when Compton was playing his last professional match for Middlesex. Obviously he felt the occasion, at any rate more openly than in that Test match nearly twenty years earlier. His touch was at first a little uncertain and the spectators felt that he might fail. But genius triumphed and he scored his farewell century. The stories of his sportsmanship are legion. In more than one innings he deliberately got himself out because he thought that an umpire's decision was unfair to the bowler. Lawyers will argue the ethics of such an action in any kind of sport or game, but who can fail to admire it?

Compton was excellent in all he set his mind to do on the cricket field and was also unpredictable. He would have been a first-class bowler if the physical demands upon a professional English cricketer did not militate against the longevity of all-rounders. Before his leg began troubling him he was a splendid fieldsman if he did not happen to be thinking about something else. His strokes, we are often reminded, did not necessarily come out of any copybook, and he had a propensity for running out partners and then in a mood of contrition getting himself out as well. Londoners have been lucky to be able to see so much of him; when Hearne and Hendren retired from the Middlesex county eleven they were replaced by Compton and Edrich, another cricketer of courage and skill who leaves the captaincy this year, and so there have been many golden days at Lord's during the past forty years. The key to victory has for a long time been taken from Lord's south of the river. But it is not victories only that make up the pleasures of sport. And cricket enthusiasts will not avoid the feeling that an era has ended.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

MOSCOW RADIO'S FIRST REACTION to the Prime Minister's Note to Marshal Bulganin came on September 4 in its foreign-language services. 'Voluntarily or involuntarily', the commentator said, 'the Prime Minister gives the impression that, frankly, he does not even desire to seek ways of improving British-Soviet relations'. Mr. Macmillan had stood firm on the Western Powers' proposals for disarmament. 'But to accept these proposals would mean to agree to replace disarmament simply by talk about disarmament'. His approach to the German problem was no more promising, the commentator went on. 'If one examines the German policy of the Western Powers, especially Britain, one begins to wonder whether Neville Chamberlain has risen from the dead'. As for Mr. Macmillan's references to the Middle East, there was not even a hint of any intention on Britain's part 'to stop her aggressive actions against Oman and the Yemen'. On that part of Mr. Macmillan's letter dealing with cultural exchanges, the speaker commented:

... by pointlessly mixing up the contrived 'Hungarian question' with that of cultural exchanges, British ruling circles are obviously trying to create obstacles to the development and consolidation of friendly relations between the Soviet Union and Britain.

The Soviet Notes to the Western Powers on Middle East problems received extensive publicity on September 4 from the Egyptian, Syrian, Lebanese, and Israeli radios; somewhat less prominence was given them by Amman and Baghdad. Egyptian newspapers, according to Cairo radio on September 5, were unanimous in their support for the general principles enunciated in the Notes.

The U.S.A.'s Middle East policy continued to be under heavy propaganda fire from Egypt. In a talk to home listeners from Cairo on September 3 a commentator referred to reports that the United States Government was engaged in a re-appraisal of 'its activities, or rather its mistakes, in the Middle East', and 'some frank advice' was tendered. The Egyptian newspaper *Al-Ahram* suggested that the U.S.A. had mobilised its intelligence departments in a search for the 'mystery man' who was responsible for a series of Soviet diplomatic triumphs in the Middle East. They need not look very far, the newspaper said: it was Dulles.

The Chinese press was quoted by the New China News Agency on August 31 as unanimously hailing the proclamation of Malaya's independence as further evidence of the decline of 'colonialism'. Nevertheless, *Jenmin Jih Pao* was reported as saying, the British colonialists did not intend to relax their grip and the Malayan people must realise that 'their struggle for national independence is not yet complete'. Editorial comment quoted from North Korean and North Vietnamese sources was on the same lines.

Moscow radio on August 30 quoted *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and other Soviet newspapers as making these points: (i) the British had granted independence not voluntarily, as they claimed, but under popular pressure; (ii) this independence would be largely vitiated by the joint defence agreement and the retention of Singapore as a British base; (iii) there was a strong popular demand in Malaya for the recognition of the Communist Party.

From India, *The Statesman* was quoted as saying: 'Membership of the Commonwealth brings to Malaya an assurance of the friendly interest and assistance from democratic countries in both hemispheres', while *The Tribune* referred to the transfer of power as 'a tribute to British liberalism and to the statesmanship of Malayan leaders'.

From America, *The Washington Post* was quoted for the observation that once again the mother of parliaments had helped an offspring to independence, and *The New York Times* referred to the event as 'one more demonstration that free peoples can live in harmony to their mutual advantage'.

Budapest radio on September 1 carried excerpts from a speech made by Mr. Kadar on the same day, in which he was reported as saying *inter alia* that:

The imperialist gentlemen can convene the U.N. General Assembly, but they can't do anything to us... First, right is on our side, both in law and fact. Secondly, if there was anything they could do, they would have done it already.

Did You Hear That?

TURKISH PAINTING TODAY

SPEAKING ABOUT an exhibition of modern Turkish painting which was on view during the Edinburgh Festival ALLAN CARR asked in 'Arts Review' (Scottish Home Service): 'What are the characteristics, the unchanging constants of Turkish painting? I have often wondered how much the handwriting of a people shapes its artistic output. The art of ancient Greece, for instance, is it influenced by, or only mirrored in, its balanced and graceful script? Is the art of Imperial Rome the result or the cause of those stately capital letters on Trajan's column? I think these questions are relevant because until the twentieth century, when the western alphabet and script were introduced as part of Kemal Ataturk's reforms, the Turks were regarded as the finest calligraphists of the Muslim world: and it is striking that although the origins of their art go back to central Asia, some of the acknowledged masterpieces of their painting show distinct traces of another civilisation whose painting also marches with its calligraphy—I mean China. From the art of the manuscript the Turks developed the art of the miniature and a mastery of colour and linear decoration: as they were more elastic in their interpretation of Muslim doctrine than some, this linear quality was not confined to abstract pattern, and figures and animals occur.

'That is in the past. What I was curious to find out in going to this exhibition was whether one would detect any of these supposedly constant factors or characteristics which had survived the westward swing. Technically, at any rate, these pictures seem to me to be entirely western. The clear-cut objectivity of the Turkish miniature has been replaced by the subjective groping of western easel painting, and the exquisite calligraphy of the past has been replaced by some clumsy initials in a corner. If then the form has changed, is the spirit still there? In the best of these pictures I believe it is: the Turkish painter is obviously first and foremost an individual: every painting here is almost aggressively different from its neighbour.

'There is, I think, an underlying vitality in all the paintings, and some are not only extremely personal but highly sophisticated as well. Some remain Turkish by virtue of their subject-matter, like the composition of peasants by Eren Eyüboğlu called "Caravan" which makes use of traditional patterns and colours and in which the figures are reduced to a forceful linear.

'Selim Turan, on the other hand, has reduced everything to colour and texture and subjectivity and is perhaps the most westernised or, should I say, the most denationalised painter here. At the opposite pole Bedri Rahmi Eyüboğlu has gone back to Byzantine mosaics for inspiration even to the use of little tesserae of colour arranged in an equally formal design. There are also some almost infant prodigies, like Ruhi Baksı and the fifteen-year-old Hasan Kaptan.

'What is clear from looking at these pictures is that there has been a complete disruption of what we, in the west, have come to regard as traditional Turkish painting. Since the upheaval has been taking place in slow stages since 1914, it seems hard to say

whether there has yet been established a new Turkish School. What I think this exhibition shows is a number of sharply differentiated personalities with agreeably explosive possibilities for the future, and it seems to me that the best of them have the quality that transcends frontiers and schools and ideologies'.

THE RED CASTLE MYSTERY

'In the autumn of 869', said DR. CALVIN WELLS, in 'Through East Anglian Eyes', 'the Danish army marched south from York

to take up new winter quarters at Thetford. The evidence suggests that this army comprised at least 5,000 men, and we might reasonably expect that archaeological evidence of its camping site would have been discovered by now.

'Recently Group Captain Guy Knocker decided to try a dig at a site called Red Castle—a low earth mound surrounded by a ditch in the middle of a wood. Soon a trial trench was cut across a burial; but a few broken sherds of pottery had also been found above the burial and these made it clear that the interment could not have been later than the Middle Saxon period. I resigned myself to see another Anglo-Saxon burial of the kind common enough in this part of the country. The moment I saw it, however, I realised that we had something very different.

'Instead of a typical Anglo-Saxon skull (which is rather long and narrow with a strong tendency to a projecting knob-shaped back of the head) the one I now saw was short and broad and flat at the back. It was, moreover, somewhat lop-sided. Further digging produced another couple of dozen well-preserved skeletons of the same pattern: eventually about fifty inhumations were discovered in a very small area, and from the absence of grave-goods and their orientation with feet to the

east we may assume, that, whoever they were, they were Christians. Many of these bodies were buried all at the same time because although placed closely on top of each other one burial does not disturb another.

'A possible explanation might be that we are dealing with battle casualties, but about a third of them are children and half the remainder are women. Could they rather be the victims of a massacre? In Saxon times massacres were achieved by sword and axe and spear. We can hardly imagine that fifty people should thus go to their doom without a single one of them showing evidence of a violent end. Another suggested explanation is that we have here an early plague pit. The objection to this idea lies in the orderliness of the burials. Bodies in plague pits are always found to be pitched in with hasty fear. At Red Castle all the bodies had been arranged with fastidious devotion.

'These bodies were bare alike of grave-goods and of coffins, yet as soon as we started to excavate number nine we found that the skull had been placed in a bowl-shaped hollow in the earth which had been carefully lined with flints and chalk blocks. Furthermore, nothing but the skull was present. It was perfectly preserved and we at once saw that it must have been decapitated. With number thirty-five a second decapitated skull turned up—again in a flint-lined hollow—and yet one more with number forty-one. Each of the three beheaded skulls was from a long-



'Peasants Resting', by fifteen-year-old Hasan Kaptan, in an exhibition of modern Turkish painting in Edinburgh

headed individual just like the common Anglo-Saxon type we meet so regularly in this area.

'Who were these three long-heads? Who were the round-heads? How did they come to share their common grave? Were the long-heads the victims of the round-heads who so greatly outnumbered them? Possibly. But it is unusual to find friend and foe interred together and we may also be puzzled by the careful ritual of the flint-lined basins in which these beheaded skulls alone were laid to rest. The hint seems to be of reverence rather than of contempt. Two of the skulls show injuries to the mastoid bone and to the angle of the jaw caused by the decapitating weapon and it is clear that the deed was done when the bone was fresh and green. We cannot be certain, however, that this was murder. It could have been the beheading of a newly killed corpse—perhaps to retrieve a hero's head.

'These same skulls are also a slightly different colour from the round-heads in the grave. This difference is due entirely to soil staining and inclines us to wonder whether they had previously been buried for a short while somewhere else and brought to Red Castle at a later date. Reburial of this sort, occurring in a Christian community, would argue that it was done from motives of piety rather than in a spirit of revenge.

'There still remains that not inconsiderable little matter of the winter camp of 5,000 Danes, and we should be most grateful to anyone who could find it for us'.

TRIBUTE TO COMPTON

At the end of this cricket season Denis Compton will give up being a professional cricketer. JOHN ARLOTT paid this tribute to him in a talk in 'Town and Country': 'Denis Compton has never been a professional by more than the strictest terms of definition. No one ever played cricket for delight alone more truly than this man who has retained the likeable qualities of a boy into his mature years. He was eighteen when he first played for Middlesex: at nineteen he was an England player. Excluding the war years, he has had sixteen seasons of first-class cricket. He is thirty-nine now; he might have played another six seasons, or more, but for his knee.

'There have been greater batsmen than Denis Compton, more stylish players, faster scorers, men with finer Test records. But there never was a man who played the game with more charm. His very unorthodoxies—strokes like the Compton sweep—are human. How many times have we seen him push his hair out of his eyes just in time to get his hand back on the bat handle as the bowler bowls, and then do all the spontaneous things with a bat that we do? Denis Compton in some human but indefinable way seemed to register as us, the ordinary cricketers, magnified to the stature of Test cricketers.

'In 1947 he made more runs—3,816—and more centuries—seventeen—than anyone else has ever done in an English season. And in that summer of wonderful sun he batted as happily as ever I have seen a man bat. He has made 37,000 runs at an average of fifty and played in seventy-eight Tests, but figures do not explain the pleasure he has given.

'I am a professional watcher of the game, but I must confess I have always watched Denis Compton for pleasure. I have seen him play innings of fantastic extravagance—300 runs in 181 minutes against North Eastern Transvaal in 1948. I saw him hit on the forehead by a bumper in the Old Trafford Test with Australia in 1948, and yet come back, head in bandages, to play

the innings that changed the shape of the game. I have known Denis Compton almost twenty years and I have never known him do a mean action. Just you mark my words. Next year some of the players with benefit matches in other counties will pick the Middlesex match and ask Denis Compton to play in it. If he can hobble he will play, and every one of us who loves to watch cricket will flock to those games, to see Denis Compton again. Such is the pleasure his pleasure has given. We can say "Thank you", happy that it is not yet—quite—goodbye'.

A NATURALIST IN THE ISLE OF MAN

Speaking of the pleasures of being a naturalist in the Isle of Man, DAVID ALLEN said in a Home Service talk: 'The island is not wholly man-made like the scenery of England. Perhaps this difference stands out most if you make the pilgrimage to one of the great Stone Age monuments—the island's own Cashtal-y-n-Ard, for instance, or, better still, the great Breton alignments at Carnac, which I was able to visit last summer. Here you are hardly conscious of the immense antiquity of what you see, less impressed than you would be probably by a medieval church in England. I do not think this is just because the span of time is too much for the imagination. I think the actual surroundings of the monuments have a great deal to do with it.

'At Carnac the great standing stones are lapped about by broom and heather and spiny, scrubby little gorse. There are pinewoods in the distance and scarlet burnet moths flutter about and the air is heavy with the scent of chamomile. It must have always been like this: and it would have been much the same—heather and bogs beside the Atlantic rollers, with herring-gulls screeching overhead—whenever men first colonised these lonely, hospitable fringes of the west. And that is another thing about the west: the basic uniformity of the scenery. You can go for hundreds of miles,

and still see the same common flowers growing in the same kinds of places and against the same kind of background as you would in the Isle of Man. The island is the west in miniature; you can savour a whole region in its mere 200 square miles.

'In these ways, from a study that has meant taking long and close looks at the countryside and delving far back into the past, I find I have acquired both the sense of ancestry and the special sense of time and place that form the essential qualities of the Celt. And in this I think I have come as near as I shall ever be to regarding myself as a native. At best all I can hope to become is a 'naturalised alien'. I stay where the holiday-makers stay. The Manx folk welcome me into their homes. And yet I feel I belong to neither, that I occupy a curious limbo between the two. Perhaps it is the fate of the naturalist always to remain an outsider. I feel this most when I am carrying my vasculum, the black oblong collecting tin which forms the chief distinguishing badge of our trade. All botanists have their uncomfortable moments with this. I have once been asked for a newspaper and once, too, ridiculed for the size of my lunch. An inquisitive stranger asked a friend of mine if it were ferrets he was carrying, and a celebrated Irish botanist was once hailed by a peasant-woman as a holy man with a tin drum upon his back. The vasculum is something apart and mysterious, a portable laboratory where we can hide away what we do from the gaze of the public'.



Denis Compton batting in his last match as a professional cricketer at Lord's

Are Britain's Docks Efficient?

By D. F. MACDONALD

THE docks industry has attracted more unfavourable publicity than any other industry except, perhaps, mining—with which it has a good deal in common. The charge against it is that it is not nearly as efficient as it ought to be and could be. Output in other major industries has gone up; in docks it has, according to shipowners and other critics, actually gone down so far as a good deal of the traffic is concerned.

The ship—like the lorry or goods waggon bringing goods to and from the docks—is not essentially a container but a vehicle, and an expensive one, representing an investment of maybe £500,000. While immobilised in port it is costing perhaps £700 or £800 a day. Its speed at sea has been increased to enable it to earn more, but this has been more than offset in many instances, it is said, by its having to spend as much as a third more time in port than pre-war. Delay of this sort means increased costs not only to the shipowner; it is perhaps even more damaging to the producer of the goods and to the consignee. Admittedly, there are factors other than loading and discharging which contribute to this deterioration in turn-round: for example, delays in dry-dock, hold-ups in other forms of transport feeding the docks, and so on. But the consensus of opinion is that the primary cause is to be found in lower standards of performance in the docks.

In some respects the industry is a sheltered one, and this makes for a degree of complacency, or at least inertia. It is true that there is a certain amount of competition between the ports, and between them and continental ports, although some have an almost unassailable security by reason of their situation and industrial hinterland. But the industry as a whole has a virtual monopoly of the traffic entering or leaving the United Kingdom. The most vulnerable section of it is that concerned with the coasting trade, and it is significant that the coasting trade is faring badly in competition with inland transport, largely because of its heavy port costs and delays.

The nature of the shortcomings in the docks is well known; there has been a host of inquiries into them, official and unofficial—some the result of agitation from within the industry itself. But this is a conservative industry by nature. The provision of port equipment and layout is an expensive and long-term business. One cannot, as with a factory, close down and install a completely new system. Even so, too many ports have been too slow in adapting themselves to new circumstances—for example, larger and better designed ships, the greater dependence on road transport, increased volume of business, and changes in the nature of the traffic. The task of dealing with war damage—and of seizing the opportunity it offered to make radical alterations in layout and equipment—was not treated with the urgency it demanded, and which the same task received in continental ports. Government must share the responsibility for this, by its failure to give proper priority to plans and materials for new construction.

All the same, it would be absurd and unfair to suggest that nothing has been done to modernise the docks. Large-scale programmes of reconstruction and readjustment have been under-

taken in a number of ports, and more are promised. The improvements have been most conspicuous in regard to bulk cargoes such as iron ore, where the consumers' needs are large and continuous, and where the uniform nature of the commodity lends itself to the use of mechanised appliances.

General cargo, because of its heterogeneous character, presents a more complex problem. Here, too, some operators have improved their methods of handling; but on the whole the new devices which are becoming available to reduce man-handling, such as fork-lift trucks, have been slow to gain ground. The dock-workers' distrust of labour-saving machinery, dating from the days when jobs were hard to come by, is notorious; but it would be wrong to assume that labour is always unreceptive; indeed, workers have sometimes been known to demand better appliances, as was demonstrated in a recent strike over grain discharge in Hull. There are employers, too, who are reluctant to install expensive time-saving machinery unless they can be guaranteed fresh work to take up the slack so created.

For a comparatively small industry, the quantity of employers is surprisingly large, and the quality correspondingly uneven. Dock work is extremely varied, and much of it is, so to speak, custom-built, so there is ample room for private enterprise, properly directed. But there are probably too many 'casual' employers—men with a small stake and a precarious footing in the industry—who cannot or will not afford the capital to invest in costly equipment, and who hang on to traditional methods of working, like the men they employ. The multiplicity of employers makes

it difficult to concert a common policy, and still more difficult to enforce it. An effective system of licensing employers would probably help.

The trouble in the docks does not, however, lie wholly, or mainly, in the 'mechanics' of the industry. Although some ports can justly be criticised for tolerating out-of-date equipment, there have been advances in this field. Apart from the occasional local shortages which arise from unforeseen fluctuations in demand, there is no lack of labour. Yet it is in the labour department that the most grievous and intractable shortcomings are found. The most effective use is not made of labour. And the labour force is far too prone to stoppages. In 1955, the industry, employing a total of under 80,000 dockers, lost nearly 700,000 man-days in industrial disputes, and the record has been equally unsavoury in several other post-war years.

Management's task in the control of labour could not in the nature of the industry be a simple one. A vast assortment of goods has to be handled—goods of all shapes and sizes, arriving in an irregular flow and requiring many different methods of handling. They have to be dealt with on the one hand for land transport and on the other for sea, and in the background all the time importers and exporters are fretting over delivery dates. It is obvious that with such an ever-changing variety of jobs, and such a degree of urgency, there is ample scope for labour disputes. However carefully drawn and numerous the piecework rates, there



A Millwall docker

Henry Grant

are always new factors cropping up. The result is that the port employer is faced with a harsh dilemma: should he concentrate on keeping the traffic moving, even at the expense of the survival of traditional methods and malpractices, or should he institute bold reforms which would almost certainly precipitate more trouble at the outset, and thereby incur the wrath of the shipowners and other customers?

In any case, although the problems are well known, there is much less unanimity as to the direction the reforms should take. The main debate rages round the working of the Dock Labour Scheme, which is administered jointly by employers and unions. This essay in joint management, unique in this country, has never been to the taste of most employers, who particularly resent the loss of control over discipline and over the size of the labour force. They have contended that the direct participation of trade unions in management, and the interposition of a third party (the National Dock Labour Board) between employers and workers, has been to blame for a deterioration in labour relations and a decline of trade-union control over its members.

A Negative Report

Under pressure from the employers, the Government finally set up a committee of inquiry into the operation of the Scheme, under Mr. Justice Devlin, and its report appeared last year. It dissects at length, with forensic skill and more than a hint of magisterial severity, the proposals submitted to it for altering the Scheme. It touches lightly and non-committally on the major criticisms of the Scheme made in the findings of an earlier committee under Sir Frederick Leggett—ex-Chief Industrial Commissioner of the Ministry of Labour, with an unrivalled knowledge of the labour side of industry. Except for one or two incursions into territory not strictly covered by the Scheme, it seems to prefer moral exhortations to recommendations. It even pours lukewarm water on the modest tightening-up of the administration already worked out jointly by both sides of the industry.

The danger is that the negative nature of the report will make more difficult a positive approach by the industry itself. The relationship between employers' associations and unions, both nationally and in the ports, is good; but the essence of industrial harmony and industrial efficiency is not the relations between organisations—although these are important—but the working relations between the individual employer and his employees.

These are bedevilled by what is still the basic problem in the docks, the 'casualness' of dock work and dock labour. That the Scheme has not solved this problem is no fault of its administrators, who have a most unenviable task. One of the Scheme's defects—and in this it reflects a trade-union attitude—is its tendency (slowly being modified) to treat all workers as equal, which both makes for minimal standards and blankets ambition and ability with a dead uniformity. This gives rise to a sense of frustration among both the more progressive employers and the better workers, and the piece-work system, almost universal in the industry, is only a partial answer. The rate of levy to finance the scheme is the same for all (except the coasting trade) and port expenses are disbursed from a national fund, so that there is not the same incentive as in other industries for the individual employer to make the most economical use of labour. And since the considerable costs of the Scheme are automatically passed on to the customer, there is not the same obligation to relate them to what the industry can bear.

Weekly Workers or the Pool?

None the less there are possible ways of alleviating this uniformity and the feeling of insecurity which this impersonal system engenders among workers. The Scheme does not forbid the engagement by employers of their own permanent weekly workers, and it is being increasingly appreciated that this is one way to avoid the cold-bloodedness of allocation from a 'pool'. The creation of 'class distinctions' of this sort is not much liked by the unions, nor by some employers, who prefer the easy way of requisitioning units from the pool, and it is actively opposed in some quarters, but should be carried much further. The fluctuations of work do not permit of the wholesale adoption of the 'weekly worker' system, but it could be extended, and the con-

ditions improved—for instance, by monthly contracts and bonus payments. Even within the 'pool' there are possibilities of recognising seniority and proficiency by the creation of an 'establishment' of men, with an assurance of long-term security and attached so far as possible to particular employers, and of unestablished categories to deal with abnormal and seasonal demands. The labour turnover is large, for the average age is high, and this permits a system of graduation upwards through the ranks.

The status and sense of responsibility of workers could be promoted in other ways. Entry should be made more selective; it has hitherto been far too indiscriminate. The industry is extraordinarily popular, and the competition for places is so great that the unions insist on preference being given to dockers' sons. Instead of men being pitchforked in, recruits to the established strength should undergo a short period of training—a modest version of what is done at Rotterdam—for cargo-handling demands a good deal of various sorts of 'know-how', and will demand more as it becomes more mechanised. With a labour force controlled in size and quality on these or similar lines, employers could afford to better the conditions of service—for example, by the payment of sick pay and retirement benefits. (At present, there is no age-limit for entering or leaving the industry.)

None of these ideas is new. The use of men on short-term engagement has already been tried out successfully in many ports. But there still persists much opposition to the whole conception, partly because it challenges the doctrine of equality and partly because it is new. Again, a training scheme has already been approved in principle by both sides, but its practical application has been held up for years by the unions.

At some stage, the method of engaging men, by herding them together twice a day for that purpose, must be humanised. Labour requirements cannot be exactly forecast, but it should be possible to minimise the rigours of the present system by, for instance, lengthening the guaranteed period of engagement from a half to a full day, and working out a procedure for excusing from attendance men for whom it was known in advance work would not be available. This would require tighter organisation on the employers' part and, on the part of labour, the abandonment of various restrictive attitudes—for instance, the insistence that each job constitutes a separate engagement, which prevents reasonable mobility. These attitudes are a 'hangover' from the days when there were far more men than jobs and there were no safeguards against underemployment.

Casual Traditions

Here, in my opinion, is the very root of inefficiency in the docks—the persistence of casual traditions and the failure to adjust to the completely new circumstances of today. The failure is not confined to labour, though the unions have a heavy responsibility, especially since they have been given a share in management. They could do far more to bring home to their members what the union leaders themselves fully recognise: the importance—to themselves, to the industry, and to the community—of the need for greater efficiency. This could be achieved without working any harder or longer, simply by the honest observance of agreements, including those prescribing methods—very effective methods—for settlement of disputes; the elimination of time-wasting in the form of late starts and early finishes; and the more intelligent acceptance of mechanical aids not only as labour-aiding but also as labour-saving agencies. The unions, too, must make peace between themselves, to end the internecine struggles which have done so much harm to the industry and the country.

Management, of course, has its part to play here, as in other departments, but it must have union support in such matters. Employers fear, with good reason, that an attempt to tackle abuses will almost certainly precipitate strikes. And some of the abuses are so venerable as to have become almost respectable. Dock labour is notoriously unruly in this as in other countries; the ingrained casual outlook deriving from the past makes men intolerant of discipline, even, in many cases, the discipline of regular attendance. Before the advent of the Scheme this was to some extent controlled by the foreman's power—sometimes abused—to hire and fire at will. This power has now gone to a third party not directly concerned with the work, but the need for effective

supervision on the job remains and is probably greater than before. It is up to employers to attract good men to the task and to make sure that their place in the hierarchy of management is fully recognised.

The problems facing the industry are formidable, and their solution will need time and patience. Their essence is the imperative need to modernise not only machines but attitudes. The lead should come from the big ports, where most of the trouble has been—though the lack of trouble on the surface in other ports does not necessarily mean that all is well underneath. It may be that the best approach would be different from the one I

have suggested, but it is not enough to dismiss possible cures in advance as unpleasant or ineffective or—harsh word of all—academic. It is even worse to deceive oneself into believing that there are no maladies, that the self-evident weaknesses are natural to the industry, or that, if there are maladies, they will be worked painlessly out of the system by the effluxion of time. The employers have attracted odium by their insistence that there are things grievously wrong. It is time the unions also acknowledged this openly, even if they do not accept the employers' remedies. Once both parties face up squarely to the failings, the remedies will emerge, where they ought to, from within the industry itself.

—Third Programme

Women 'Inside'

By ERICA LEYS

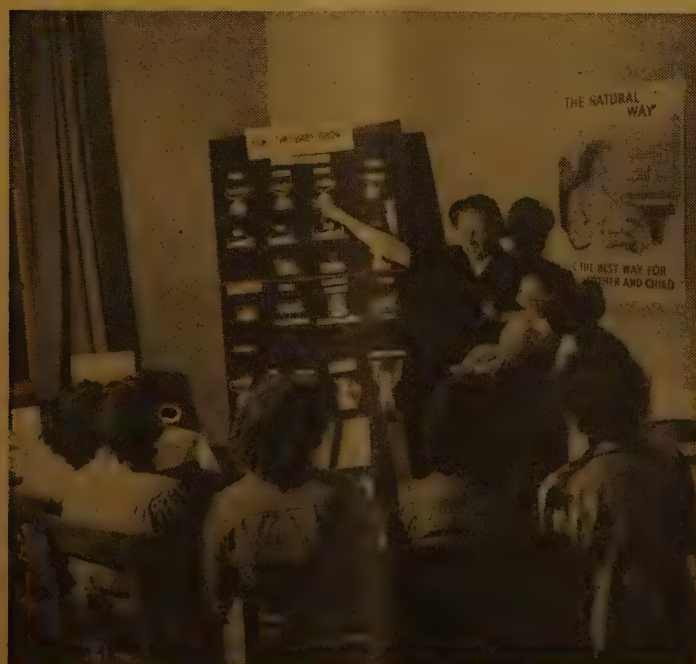
HOLLOWAY prison is in a drab part of north London and looks something like a fortress turned inside out. As a visitor, you enter through a great wooden door and are shown first into a waiting-room with stone floor and vaulted roof. There are men officers at the gate but all the staff dealing with the prisoners are women who wear uniforms similar to women police, with 'H.M.P.' on their shoulders, signifying Her Majesty's Prison.

The main buildings of the prison are like a fan, with long corridors three storeys high radiating out from a central point. There are stone spiral stairs leading up to these corridors, with cells right along them, and stretched between the corridors are steel nets to prevent accidents. There is very little ground not built on, and from the exercise yard there is little grass to be seen but views everywhere of tall dark buildings with small barred windows and a huge surrounding wall.

While another woman magistrate and I waited to see over the prison we watched the prison officers talking and moving about, checking those who came in and out through the door, which had to be unlocked and relocked every time anyone came through it. The prisoners were also talking and moving freely and



Women prisoners playing games at Hill Hall, the 'open prison' near Epping



Neglectful mothers, in Birmingham prison, attending a lecture on the growth of a baby

unsupervised, and certainly looked quite happy, rather to my surprise. They wore thick cotton dresses of various colours, rather like nurses' wrappers, blue, green, yellow, and pink, and cardigans, red, blue, and green of rather more definite colour. They had beige stockings and black lace-up walking shoes. Outside they wore navy blue capes, just like nurses' capes. On my first visit they all had grey cardigans. Variety of colours is an innovation. A great effort has been made to improve the clothing issued to women prisoners and to encourage self-respect in every way and not to allow them to look like scarecrows. They are allowed to buy make-up and to do their hair as they like.

Yet the visitor cannot but be struck by how utterly extraordinary the women in Holloway look, like schoolgirls seen in a nightmare. When they come in they can choose the colour of their dress and cardigan, but although long-term prisoners keep their individual clothing, short-term prisoners may find that next week when they get a change of dress it is too long or too short. I saw the carefully stacked clothes in the bathrooms and I have never seen stockings so much darned, with darns on top of darns: all the clothes are made for wear. The peculiar effect was due to the fact that most of the women seemed elderly, sadly uncorseted, so that one felt that there was still room for improvement. Holloway gives an impression of something between a fortress and a girls' school.

The prisoners, by the way, call themselves 'girls'. As I made my way to the prison a Jamaican porter on the Underground said 'Holloway—you mean the ladies' prison', but the ladies there

refer to themselves as 'girls' and I think the prison officers tend to do so too. Those I heard spoken to were called by their Christian names, not surnames.

In women's prisons there is no overcrowding and this is an immense advantage. There is never more than one in a cell and even in the grim buildings of Holloway great efforts have been made to convert odd space into really attractive common rooms for different classes of prisoner.

A cell is not unlike a small room in a hospital, more depressingly gloomy and less depressingly clean. Each has a barred window, a rather narrow bed, a small table and hard chair, a wash-stand behind the door with a small wash-bowl and water-jug on top and chamber-pot and slop-pail underneath. Because the prisoners are fewer you do not hear so much of the horrors of the 'slopping-out' process in the mornings which is such a revolting feature of men's prisons. Yet the same conditions prevail, and women are locked up in their cells for long hours at night in these old-fashioned prisons with their disgustingly primitive sanitary arrangements. I believe it is a privilege for certain long-stay prisoners to elaborate the decoration of the cell, because some have bedspreads and curtains.

First Offenders

All sorts of women go to prison, of all ages, for all sorts of offences, from murder to post office frauds, from stealing to soliciting. From the southern part of England most women serving their first sentence go to Hill Hall, the open prison in the country near Epping, popularly called the prison-without-bars, as different from the old-type prison as it could possibly be. It is a beautiful old country-house, surrounded by a garden, set in a magnificent park. Women sleep in rooms of the dormitory type with separate wash-rooms and bathrooms: the house and gardens are kept in perfect order: there are only about sixty women there, with no cells, no locks, no emphasis on security, and with much greater possibility of individual 'treatment' of offenders as opposed to 'punishment'.

All women prisoners are occupied during normal working hours, some of them in keeping the place running. At Holloway even in the middle of the afternoon there seem to be a certain number sweeping the long, stone corridors, and one woman I noticed was polishing with emery paper the bottom of an iron bannister; there are two large chapels in Holloway (one Church of England, one Roman Catholic) and I noticed a woman working in one, cleaning it certainly to a very high standard.

Some work in the huge medieval-looking kitchen. Many are employed in the large laundry which does all the washing of clothes for the prison and for a boys' Borstal. This laundry I suppose resembles any other big commercial laundry. A jam factory has recently been set up and when I visited they were making marmalade for all the prisons in the country.

There is a large machine shop which employs a great number at power-driven machines, particularly those who are unfit for hard, physical work. They get orders from many government departments and were turning out quantities of R.A.F. cooks' trousers of coarse blue-and-white check material. It struck me that the standard achieved was not high. We were shown some extraordinary green objects with white circular stitching on them and were told they were babies' hats, for the babies in prison.

The babies are the most unexpected sight in a women's prison. Of course a number of women are pregnant when they come in, and arrangements are made for them to go outside to hospital for the confinement. But after a few days these babies go back to prison with their mothers and stay there till they are nine months old. Mothers who are sent to prison may take their babies with them if they want to.

There is no doubt that the babies are well cared for. They sleep in cots, and if very tiny in carry-cots inside the big cot, in the cell beside the mother, who has facilities for feeding the baby regularly and cares for it entirely at night. In the daytime the babies are put out in perambulators in the open air. Some go to Hill Hall with their mothers. In one wing of the prison, for corrective trainees, was the first baby they had ever had there, a little boy of four months old who had just come the day before. There is no doubt that he was the centre of interest and his presence was already a tremendously humanising influence. The Assistant

Governor would not say what would happen to him when he was nine months old: perhaps she could not bear to. It is common knowledge now that for its own sake a baby should not be parted from its mother, and physically and emotionally it is right that the baby should be wherever the mother is. No one can think it right that mother and baby should be parted when the baby is nine months old: equally, no one could think it right to bring up a child in prison. Is the solution of the problem 'no babies' or 'no prisons'?

A good many women are sent to prison for child neglect and for cruelty. In the popular press there is often a demand for increasing the penalties for these mothers, as if it were really thought that mothers could be deterred from neglecting their children, or losing their tempers with them, by the knowledge that they might have to serve long terms of imprisonment. An effort is now being made to study the needs of these neglectful mothers and to do something constructive to train them so that they go out of prison a little more able to deal with their lives. In a study made by the Governor of Holloway prison and reported in 1949, she gives an account of the background to the lives of this group of women. Of their homes she writes:

Many of the dwellings were in bad repair and some had been condemned. Many of the mothers moved frequently from one unsatisfactory home to another. In nearly all cases furniture, and particularly bedding, were inadequate. There is no doubt that this type of mother uses all or nearly all her meagre resources to provide food for her family. In fact there is a pathetic belief held by many of these women that if the children are well-fed 'they can't get you for neglect'. . . . In almost every case the woman loved the children, even if she found them a nuisance.

An experiment is now being tried in Birmingham prison where some buildings formerly used as staff quarters have been converted into a hostel, and neglectful mothers from other prisons are collected there and given a three months' training course. They are taught cookery, for instance, the very simplest forms of cookery on the same kind of stoves they will have to use at home, using the simplest recipes. Many of them cannot sew and have never even tried to mend their children's clothes. Instruction is given in child care. Everything has to be taught over and over again. The Salvation Army at its home, the Mayflower, is undertaking exactly the same task in re-training neglectful mothers, but with the added advantages that the mothers are not prisoners and also that they take their children under five with them and 'child care' instruction is not only a matter of lectures. These mothers are sent by the courts under a probation order with a condition of residence of three or four months.

These neglectful mothers are one group which could be kept out of prison. There are also a number of women in prison who never serve a prison sentence in the end, who are sent there while awaiting their appearance in court. At the moment they either spend their time in their cells, doing nothing, since they are not obliged to work, and wearing their own clothes if these are in a suitable condition; or else, if they are awaiting medical or psychological reports, they spend their days sitting round the fire, where they read, knit, and talk interminably. Both forms of 'remand' are utterly demoralising. The Home Secretary has recently announced another much needed reform in promising to begin to build next year the first of several new 'remand centres' where people between fourteen and twenty-one years will go before sentence, when by law they are still presumed to be innocent, and these centres will be entirely dissociated from prisons.

Steps Forward in Prison Reform

The building of new remand centres, the raising of the status of prison officers so that they become nearer to social workers concerned with rehabilitation and less of the old-time 'warders', the payment of prisoners for a day's work done so that they can more easily take their place in the working world when their sentence is over, are all steps forward in prison reform which have recently been outlined. I would like to see also the abandonment of the old-time maximum security prison for women and the setting up of much smaller centres, even smaller than Askham Grange or Hill Hall open prisons, with the emphasis continually on training and encouragement and the deterrence lying solely in the fact of loss of freedom.—From a talk in the Home Service

Two Brief Encounters

SEWELL STOKES on his meetings with Ellen Terry and Madge Kendal

THIRTY-NINE years before I was born, two very young actresses appeared together at the Theatre Royal, Bath. The year was 1863; the play was 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and the actresses were Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Madge Robertson. Miss Terry, at the age of fifteen, took the part of Titania; Miss Robertson, a year older, played the First Singing Fairy. Many years passed—forty-eight of them, to be exact—before these two, now famous, actresses, played together once more. The theatre this time was His Majesty's, in the Haymarket, and the occasion a gala performance of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor'. Miss Terry played Mistress Page, and Miss Robertson—better known as Mrs. Kendal—played Mistress Ford.

That production I could have witnessed, at the age of nine. Unhappily I missed it. But there are people still alive who can tell you of performances they saw given by each of these two great actresses. All I can tell you is of my brief encounters with them at a time when their brilliant careers were already over.

As it happens, I did see Ellen Terry act—though not in front of the footlights. On a dreary, wet day, I found my way to a small studio at Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, which in those far-off times was used for the making of silent films. A number of journalists had been invited to meet the star of the production, and to watch her at work. We waited on the edge of the set for her to appear, surrounded by a chattering crowd of carpenters, electricians, and cameramen. A good deal of noise was being made which ceased as abruptly as it does when a judge enters the court.

We looked up and became aware of Ellen Terry, hovering at the top of what was supposed to be a baronial staircase, and blinking in the fierce glare of the studio lights. Her bent figure rested on the arm of a woman companion, who helped her gently down the stairs which she had to descend with great care. On her smiling face, as she paused to look down upon us, was a rather wistful expression, which clearly asked our indulgence for someone who was not as young as she had been. In fact she was over seventy, and her sight was far from good.

On reaching the floor, she turned to the producer and, in a frail but wonderfully clear voice, said to him: 'Now what do we do today?'

He told her: 'We're doing the scene with the safe, the bit where

you pull it open and disclose the secret papers to your son'. 'Oh, yes, of course', she said, 'I know, I know'.

She walked to the centre of the set, and was helped into a chair. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, but for the purpose of this scene Miss Terry wore a black evening gown of shimmering sequins, and a fillet of diamonds in her white hair. Her companion left her; the young actor playing the part of her son stood beside her chair; more lights were turned on; the camera-man was ordered to proceed; and the scene started. Slowly, intensely, Miss Terry rose up from the chair, and, followed by her pseudo-son, crossed the room to an imitation safe let into the canvas wall. She opened it, took out the secret papers, and held them up to his astonished gaze.

Watching her you felt that at any moment she might fall. She seemed so weak and unsteady. A tired old lady who should have been resting comfortably at home. Four

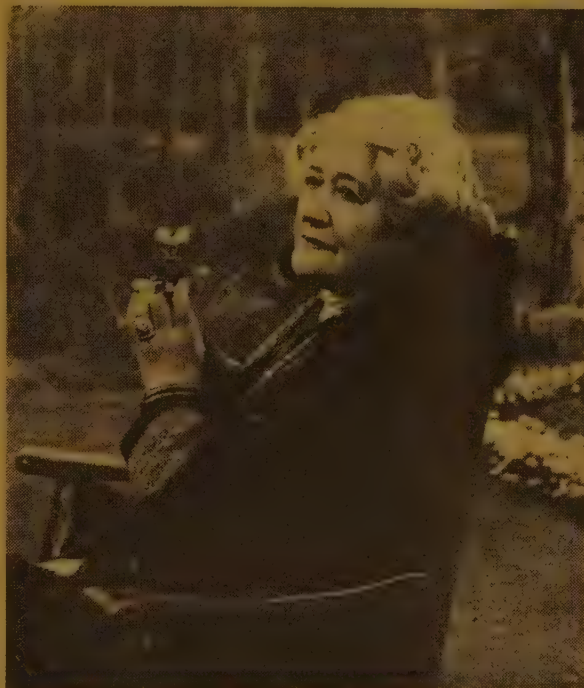
times the scene was repeated before they got it right. But this was not the actress's fault. To her the technique of film acting was obviously child's play: every gesture she made told. It was for the young actor's sake that she had four times to lead him to the safe and show him those secret papers. He was full of flustered apologies. Each time they repeated their journey to the safe he said 'I'm terribly sorry!' And what was so enchanting was the smile with which Ellen Terry dismissed the actor's apologies, and at the same time encouraged him.

Perhaps I should mention that this was not Miss Terry's first film. She had made one or two earlier appearances before the camera; not counting the 'bioscope-interview', as it was called, which she gave in 1901. This was described in a trade journal:

Miss Ellen Terry at Home. A charming half-length portrait of the popular actress. She appears at the casement window of her country cottage, kisses her hand, throws a flower, etc., etc. The picture is beautifully sharp and clear.

When the time came for us journalists to have a word with Miss Terry, it seemed almost cruel to extract answers to trivial questions from someone so dreadfully tired. But I am ashamed to say that I waited my turn; and when it came I heard myself saying: 'Tell me, Miss Terry, your change from the stage to the films—do you like it?'

What a question! 'Oh, yes', said Ellen Terry. 'I like it very much; very much'.



Two great actresses in old age: Dame Ellen Terry—
Enthoven Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum



—and Dame Madge Kendal: a portrait by Sir William Orpen

What else should she say? It was no less than was expected of her by the publicity manager. But the next question which I had been especially told by my editor to ask her roused the old actress to a spirited reply, irrespective of whether it was expected or her or not. I asked: 'Do you think Shakespeare can be filmed?'

'Please, please', she cried, throwing up her hands in despair, 'don't speak to me of such a dreadful thing! It's quite unthinkable'. How right she was! Yet her respect for Shakespeare's language was not cherished by all her contemporaries. Forbes-Robertson and Beerbohm Tree had made shocking, meaningless, silent film versions of 'Hamlet' and 'Henry VIII'.

At Queen's Elm Square

A year or two after that episode in the film studio, I occasionally met Ellen Terry at the house of two devoted friends of hers, who were elderly ladies themselves. One morning on my way to lunch with them in Queen's Elm Square I caught sight of them returning from a short walk. They were supporting their friend, one on either side of her. Ellen Terry appeared as a shuffling black figure, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and a long dress whose hem gently brushed the pavement. Through those large spectacles she saw things quite clearly, and was proud of the fact. That morning she saw the title of the novel I was carrying: *The Pretty Lady*, by Arnold Bennett.

She asked: 'What are you doing with a pretty lady, I should like to know?' Her very genuine sense of fun robbed the words of their archness. She was in excellent spirits that morning, and asked me if I thought she should read the book. I told her: 'It's very modern'.

She laughed at that. 'So you think I won't like it? Well, I don't know. I'm reading a book now that is said to be very modern. The author himself gave it to me the other day. Oh, dear, I've forgotten his name, and the name of his book. But I'll show it to you when we get inside the house'.

The book turned out to be *The Green Hat*, by Michael Arlen; it was a best-seller of the day. 'To tell you the truth', she said, 'I'd never heard of Mr. Arlen before. And between ourselves I don't think much of his book. But then perhaps I don't understand it'. At this point, I remember, one of her friends asked her if she fancied anything special for lunch. She waved the suggestion aside: 'Just a boiled egg, dear, will do for me. You mustn't make a fuss of me, or I shan't stay here any more'. That was typical of Ellen Terry, I believe: she was a great darling, and hated to think that anyone might be put to trouble on her account.

Interview in Portland Place

I doubt very much if her friends would have called Mrs. Kendal a darling; or that she would have suggested a boiled egg for lunch, unless, of course, she had happened to be particularly fond of boiled eggs. She was a person to command respect rather than affection; or so it seemed to me on the one occasion I met her. I have learned since that this view of her somewhat dominating character was shared by people who knew her intimately. I had waited to meet Ellen Terry at Shepherd's Bush that morning; but Mrs. Kendal was waiting for me at her impressive flat in Portland Place; waiting for me in every sense of the word. I had asked her for an interview for my paper: and I got it.

She was over eighty; distinctly on the plump side; and her head trembled slightly all the time. At first I thought I was in the presence of a very gentle old lady. But she soon proved to be an exceedingly forceful one. Her first words to me were: 'Sit down, please'. I obeyed. 'Well . . . ?' she said, and looked at me with the utmost suspicion. 'Well . . . ?' I had thought up a number of questions to ask her; but this was unnecessary because when I suggested that we might discuss her views on the younger generation, Mrs. Kendal decided to do the questioning herself. I remained practically dumb; an audience of one, rooted to the spot.

She began: 'Would you mind telling me, young man, why young women nowadays cut their hair off? It is written in the Bible that a woman's glory is her hair. Then why does she cut

it off? Fortunately for me, I have servants to prepare my meals at home. But I do strongly object, if I go to a restaurant, being waited upon by a young woman who in the first place has scarcely any hair at all, and in the second place combs what little she has in my presence'.

'But', I said, 'you don't object to all young people?' It was the only question I managed to get in. And it struck home. For just about this time Mrs. Kendal had been represented in certain sections of the popular press as someone who was intolerant of the younger generation.

'I love young people', she declared; 'their romance, and their beauty—all that part of it. To say that I do not is to misunderstand me. But why', she asked—her eyes still upon me, 'why does the young man of today go flying towards the moon? To see if it is made of green cheese, I suppose?'

Suddenly Mrs. Kendal laughed: a hollow, contemptuous laugh. She said: 'I'm longing, simply longing, to meet that man who said the other day that we're descended from jellyfish. I'm certain I was never a jellyfish. And if I met him I'd ask him who made the sea. Because after a jellyfish has been out of the water for a short time it dies. Yes, who made the sea? Tell me that'.

But by this time I knew my place. I dared not open my mouth. Besides I saw that Mrs. Kendal had more to say to me. Her indignation was by no means spent. And now she touched upon the subject of changing fashions in the theatre. 'Today', she said, 'it is the fashion for young people like yourself to make Madonnas out of Magdalens. You shouldn't do it. Magdalens aren't Madonnas. They tell me to see a play called "Young Woodley". Why should I? In this play, I believe, a young schoolmaster's wife allows herself to be kissed by one of her husband's boys. Very nice for her. But how wrong. And what an example. Supposing she'd allowed herself to be kissed by all the boys? She'd have been a busy woman, wouldn't she?'

Lament for Corsets

Mrs. Kendal turned slightly in her chair and raised her eyes to a full-length portrait, done in oils, of Mr. Kendal. In his portrait, Mr. Kendal looked the very emblem of respectability, as he had done in his lifetime. His widow said: 'I haven't married again. To me it doesn't seem necessary to have more than one husband. But women think differently nowadays, it seems. No wonder we are a weaker and smaller race than we were. Modern science scorns corsets and pronounces them unhealthy. But who can produce men and women today to equal those produced by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, in spite of their dainty waists?'

There followed a long silence, during which I tried to think of an appropriate remark, but failed. Then Mrs. Kendal resumed her monologue. On a somewhat gentler note, she said: 'How I would like to see again the kind of girl who fainted when she was proposed to. Think of the fluttering of hearts that used to go on in those days. And then compare it with the manner in which a girl today accepts the man who asks her to marry him, with: "All right, old bean!"'

And so, if anyone should ask me if I ever saw the great Mrs. Kendal act, I should have no hesitation in replying that I did; or adding that I probably witnessed one of her most studied performances.—*Home Service*

Chance as much as choice is bound to rule the array of names and contents in a new little review. Each one is a net spread to catch whatever good things it can. *The Evergreen Review* (Calder, 6s. 6d.) offers us, not the usual shoal of red herrings, but quite a diversity of strange and recognisable fish. The reader can take his choice or sample everything in turn, from the unsparing agonies of M. Henri Michaux under mescaline to the carefree experiences of Baby Dodds as a star drummer in a jazz band on a Mississippi boat in the 'twenties. There are painstaking studies of Büchner and D. H. Lawrence; a short story—an acidly domestic American anecdote—by James Purdy; and another, highly entertaining, by Samuel Beckett, together with some wizened essays in verse from the same hand. Add to these M. Sartre's statement on the Sartrian position, after Budapest, and some striking photographs by Leo Feinstein, and this first number can be taken as a serious promise of vitality and variety to come.

Educating Future Technologists

By D. G. CHRISTOPHERSON

THIS talk is really about the education of engineers. In recent years it has become the fashion to refer to the most highly trained people in most branches of engineering and applied science as technologists, in order to distinguish them from the less broadly educated people, the technicians. It is a useful distinction from the point of view of administration, but it neglects some of the human factors in the situation. If you call a man a technologist you relate him to nothing much except educational statistics; if you call him an engineer you give him at once a place in social history as one of the successors of Watt and Faraday, Stevenson and Brunel; a place too as the contemporary, almost as the colleague, of the builders of the first radar set, the first jet engine, and the first nuclear power station. Every young engineer in these days must stand in one way or another on the shoulders of these men, and we should do nothing in our terminology to deprive him of their support.

In the last few years there has been a great deal of public discussion about the education of engineers. We have had it demonstrated repeatedly that our educational facilities in this country are insufficient, both when measured against the needs of industry and also when compared with what is available in other major industrial countries. A real effort is now being made to make up for our deficiencies, at least for our deficiency in numbers.

Is the Quality Good Enough?

But what about quality? Is it true that the education we have been giving to our young engineers in the last twenty years is so good that all we have to do, in order to maintain the standards and reputation of British engineering, is to provide a great many more of roughly the same kind of man? And, if this is true, is it possible? Are there enough able young people to enable us to multiply the engineering profession by, say, a factor of three over the next generation without robbing the other professions to a dangerous degree?

I want to discuss the first of these questions, the question of quality. And it is only fair to start by referring to the traditional criticism of engineering education. Thirty years ago the main criticism of the university engineering graduate would have been that his education had been too theoretical, that he had little or no knowledge of the practical side of industry, and had therefore a great deal to learn before he could contribute anything of value.

This is still true, but industry has become much more willing to recognise that it has itself a part to play in providing additional training on the practical side, and that if any academic institution attempts to provide this practical training it will probably be done badly. In recent years, industrialists interested in education have been almost unanimous in urging the universities to concentrate on principles, not to bother about specialised knowledge and techniques, but rather to aim at producing a man having a real understanding of the fundamentals, and sufficient mental flexibility to pick up quickly any specialised skill which may be necessary for one particular job. Often enough, it is true, a visitor to the university, seeing much specialised equipment, and many of the senior people obviously interested in research on fairly detailed technological problems, may form the impression that this policy is not being pursued. On the contrary, it may seem that, in their efforts to be both up to date and interesting, the universities are not giving enough time to the principles on which everything else depends.

I do not think myself that this particular criticism is well-founded. The staff are just as clear on the importance of principles as ever they were; perhaps clearer. The principles themselves have not changed much, either, although unfortunately the

advance of science has made them more numerous. In many cases, they can be stated in a few words; the verbal statement of all of them could be learnt by any intelligent undergraduate in a day or so.

Elaborate Equipment

But such a proceeding would be valueless. There is only one method by which a genuine understanding of the basic principles of any subject can be acquired. This method has been employed more or less unchanged since the days of Socrates. It is the same whether the principle is one of ethics or of thermodynamics. It consists in applying the principle successively to one hypothetical example after another, and demonstrating that the consequences following from it are consistent with experience, with truth, or with whatever standard of rightness is acceptable in the field under discussion. It is only when he has successfully applied the principle to a number of such examples that the student can acquire a real understanding of what is involved. The elaborate and expensive equipment which is now required by engineering departments—the gas turbines, the wind tunnels, the masses of electronics—when they are used for teaching as opposed to research are examples of the principles and nothing more.

The question naturally follows, whether, if this is so, much smaller, simpler, and cheaper examples would do just as well. Some cases could no doubt be found in which this is so, but perhaps not so many as might be supposed. It is possible, by fixing attention on a problem in ethics in which the assumed conditions are too far from real life, to be led to an erroneous conclusion. The same is true in thermodynamics. Among the qualities which the young engineer must strive to acquire is a kind of instinctive familiarity with the way in which real things work, and the foundations of this familiarity will be soundly laid only if in the teaching laboratory there are some real things actually working.

There is a second criticism of engineering education which is more difficult to answer. It is implicit in the remark made by Sir Christopher Hinton the other day when he said that among the various shortages retarding the atomic energy programme one of the most acute was the shortage of engineering designers. The same would no doubt be true in many other industries, though perhaps not so acutely, since the design principle on which many excellent products have been evolved—that we do the same thing as we did last time, only a little more so—is not yet available when what you are making is atomic reactors.

Importance of the Designer

It may seem odd that even in an industry as firmly based on scientific principles as this one there should still be an important place for the designer. It might be thought that all that had to be done when the necessary data had emerged from the research laboratory would be to make a few calculations based on the principles, to put down the results in a drawing and start construction forthwith. But life for the engineer is never like that. The information is always incomplete, and must be filled in by a cautious assessment of the probabilities. Often there is a qualitative choice to be made between different routes, based on different applications of science, towards the same objective, and many considerations which cannot be exactly stated in scientific terms enter into the matter. The main outlines of the design once chosen can in most cases be laid down by calculation, but many of the details are more or less incalculable, and can be provided only by imagination of the designer working within the framework of a profound understanding of the processes involved. And the difference between a successful design and an unsuccessful one is often a matter of detail.

(continued on page 394)

NEWS DIARY

September 4-10

Wednesday, September 4

Notes from Soviet Government to Western Powers on the subject of the Middle East are published. Mr. Henderson, U.S. special envoy to the Middle East, says on his return to Washington that the situation in Syria is 'extremely serious'

The committee presided over by Sir John Wolfenden recommends changes in the laws relating to vice

British Association for the Advancement of Science begins its meeting in Dublin

Thursday, September 5

The T.U.C., meeting at Blackpool, rejects any form of wage restraint and calls on the Labour Party to speed up plans for public ownership of industries

The Ghana Government announces that further deportation orders have been served on tribal leaders

In Arkansas state police are placed round the high school at Little Rock to prevent Negro children from enrolling

Friday, September 6

Disarmament talks end in London without agreement and without any further meeting being arranged

The T.U.C. general council elects Mr. Tom Yates, General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen, as its new chairman

U.S. State Department confirms that America is to speed up the despatch of arms to Jordan and other Middle East countries

Saturday, September 7

President Eisenhower, on his return to Washington, reaffirms his intention to protect the Middle East against any threat of Communist aggression. King Saud of Saudi Arabia arrives at Beirut for talks with the President of the Lebanon

The Chairman of the National Coal Board states that absenteeism in the mines is having a devastating effect on output

U.S. Federal Judge rules that there shall be no further delay in allowing Negro children to attend the high school at Little Rock

Sunday, September 8

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, on his return from Belgrade, says that Yugoslavia is determined to have an independent foreign policy

The prices of some brands of cigarettes and tobaccos are to be increased

Monday, September 9

American arms are brought in by air to Jordan. President Nasser pledges 'unconditional support for Syria'

Squadron of U.S. Sixth Fleet arrives at Athens

Tuesday, September 10

U.N. General Assembly discusses draft resolution on Hungary

Polish delegation, led by Mr. Gomulka, arrives in Yugoslavia



A photograph taken after the opening meeting in Dublin on September 4 of the British Association for the Advancement of Science: left, Sir Alexander Fleck who was elected President of the Association for 1958; right, Professor P. M. Blackett, this year's President; and centre, Mr. Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of the Irish Republic



The Ki opening



The scene in Sankei Hall, Tokyo, on September 2 at the opening of the twenty-ninth International P.E.N. congress. Yasunari Kawabata, President of the Japanese P.E.N. is seen speaking



A search near St. buried in

Left: a n test well



H.M. Tuanku Abdul Rahman (left, on rostrum) speaking at the Malayan Parliament in Kuala Lumpur on September 9. Malaya attained independence on August 31



A Negro student being barred by the National Guard from entering the Central High School at Little Rock, Arkansas, last week while a white student is allowed to pass. On September 9 it was announced that the U.S. Attorney-General would seek an injunction against the Governor of Arkansas to prevent him from interfering with the integration in Little Rock high schools



Frogmen last weekend in the moat of Salisbury Hall, Wiltshire, for ancient religious statues believed to be buried there. Three frogmen are seen, covered with weed, bringing up an old newel post



Madame Kirsten Flagstad, wearing Norwegian national costume, singing at last Saturday's Promenade Concert at the Royal Albert Hall to mark the fiftieth anniversary of Grieg's death



Massed pipe bands of Highland regiments marching past the Royal box at the opening of the Braemar Gathering last week

Barge which is to be used to sink an underwater deep sea mine, photographed as it passed in tow through the Dover last week on its journey from Kiel

(continued from page 391)

It is difficult to deny that engineering education as it exists today does not do much to develop the qualities of imagination and originality which the best designers must have. On the contrary, a great part of the work which the student undertakes is basically critical and not creative. The situation is in a curious way analogous to the situation in some faculties of Arts in which emphasis is placed on literature as something to be evaluated, criticised, or placed in a historical perspective, rather than as something to be created, as an expression of the human spirit. The word 'academic' can be used deliberately to exclude the imaginative side of artistic endeavour, and the view can be held that the creative writer is wise to turn his back on the academic world.

It is here that the analogy breaks down. In former times, it is true, many of the greatest engineering designers had little academic knowledge and what they had was often picked up in unconventional ways. But such men are now increasingly rare. The scientific side of engineering is becoming so important that a man can hardly reach the top as a designer without a good acquaintance with it. In the 'Situations Vacant' column of one of the London evening newspapers the other night appeared an advertisement under the headline 'Logical Designers'. In fact, this refers to people who plan a particular kind of electronic equipment which performs processes comparable with reasoning, but the phrase exactly represents what is wanted in a much wider field. Imagination and originality are essential to the designer, but the firm structure of logic must be there as well.

Sociological Implications

But the most difficult and fundamental of all the unanswered questions about the education of engineers is this, 'War', said Talleyrand, 'is too serious a business to be left to military men'. Are we getting to a situation in which engineering is too serious to be left to engineers? There are many decisions which must be taken by engineers and scientists, because the main factors involved are matters of applied science. But all these decisions have implications for every part of our society, economic implications, sociological implications, moral implications. Our minds have been conditioned to fly to the question of the hydrogen bomb when the subject of the moral implications of technology is mentioned. But it is not so much the problems of technology in warfare that I have in mind. Here the political and moral implications of scientific discovery are immediate and obvious, and the decisions can be taken by politicians, acting in the name of all of us and sharing the responsibility with all of us. The situation for most of industry is not like that. Let us consider one or two examples which are under consideration at the present time.

British Railways have in hand a great modernisation programme. They have decided, or will decide very shortly, on how many lines they will run electric trains, and how many they will run with Diesel locomotives. At first sight this is a straightforward engineering decision. But what are the background questions involved? Is it likely that in the future the supply of oil fuel to this country will be much worse or much better than it is now? How

much is it worth sacrificing for a somewhat cleaner atmosphere? On the other hand, are there not men for whom driving an electric train is not as satisfying an occupation as the control of an immense and impressive locomotive? Such questions could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Work in Underdeveloped Countries

One more example from a different field: a good many engineers from this country will be needed for many years to come to go and help with the various large-scale projects which are in hand in the so-called 'underdeveloped' countries—water supply, electric power, roads and so on. Young men from these countries will continue to receive their professional training over here. To do these jobs properly, you need not only technical knowledge but a profound understanding of the aims—and the fears—of the men who plan for the future of these countries, and also of the men who do most of the work.

It may be that the large decisions will always be taken only by a minority of engineers after long experience, but it is a feature of the present situation that similar matters of more restricted scope have to be decided by a great many people, often early in their careers. Every time we introduce or fail to introduce a new machine or a new process into industry, we start a chain reaction which affects not only those directly concerned—the management, the work-people, the customers—but, in widening circles, every department of a national life.

The big question, therefore, is this: is the engineer, however well trained within his comparatively narrow field, capable of making these decisions sensibly? Ought he not to have a much wider coverage—economics, sociology, philosophy—if he is to appreciate and take into account the implications of the decisions he makes? A good many people think so. One or two universities are even experimenting with courses in which science, technology, and humane studies will be combined in more or less equal proportions, and most university courses devote a certain amount of time to broadening courses of this character, either as a compulsory part of the undergraduate curriculum or by way of optional subjects offered to anyone interested in them. It is significant also that the National Council for Technological Awards insists that all courses for its new diploma must contain a proportion of such liberalising elements.

The trouble is that life is too short. It is difficult enough, in the three or four years which is all that can be spared for the professional education of young engineers to acquire a solid background of professional skill and knowledge. If within the same time a man must make himself something of an economist, something of a psychologist, something of a philosopher, the job may become impossible.

What are we to do, then? Lower our standards of professional attainment, in order to allow time for more and better non-specialist courses? A good many people think we should. They argue that a man should surely be able to improve his professional knowledge after his formal education is complete, but if as a student he has not opened his mind to the varieties of human experience, it may be that he will never do so, but will remain for the rest of his life within the narrow limits of his specialism. I hope I

have put this argument fairly because it is not one which I myself find convincing.

I think it is misleading because it is based on a wrong appreciation of what men, and particularly engineering students, are actually like at various stages in their progress. In the first place, when they complete their qualifications and take their first job, what most of them need, if they are to bear the responsibilities which will be thrust upon them, is confidence: confidence in their own professional knowledge and ability; confidence that, so far as the technical and scientific side of their profession is concerned, they know their stuff and can hold up their heads among their peers. If confidence is lacking, judgement and breadth of vision may never have the opportunity to come into the picture.

Secondly, I think that the judgement and understanding—if you like, the wisdom—which is required to deal with these wider problems is not something that you can acquire by fairly short courses in appropriate subjects. It is a slow growth, starting in early childhood, in which good school education is at least as important as good professional education. The thing which more than anything else develops it is contact and discussion with people who have it. The subject of the discussion is less important than the kind of discussion that takes place. What matters most is that it must be genuine man-to-man discussion and not a monologue.

Buying Wisdom

It is here that most of our present arrangements for engineering education in my view fall short of the ideal. We have not enough arrangements for giving the student the close personal contact with the senior people which was possible when numbers were smaller. We do not do enough to seek out among our teachers the men with a genius for this kind of work, or enough to reward them once found. Such arrangements are not easy to fit into the existing structure. They are time-consuming, and they call for real sacrifices in the personal life of the teacher. But we ought not to forget that what we are seeking is wisdom, and there is good authority for supposing that wisdom is never to be bought cheaply.—*Third Programme*

Studies on Hysteria by Joseph Breuer and Sigmund Freud will probably hold an important place for many years in the history of the development of scientific ideas, for its publication marked Freud's shift in interest from chemical to psychological treatment of the neuroses, and foreshadows some of the concepts which subsequently found a place in the theory of psycho-analysis. It is as part of the canon of Freud's collected works, more than for its intrinsic interest, that this work has been newly and impeccably translated by James and Alix Strachey (Hogarth Press, 25s.); Breuer's contributions and Freud's additional footnotes in the German edition of 1925 are included. In an excellent introduction the editors give the history of the work and the subsequent relations between the two authors and consider the bearing of the *Studies* on psycho-analysis.

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Among other recent publications are: *The Torment of Secrecy: the Background and Consequences of American Security Policies*, by Edward A. Shils (Heinemann, 15s.); and *A Century of Family Law 1857-1957*, edited by R. H. Graveson and F. R. Crane (Sweet and Maxwell, 35s.).

Christ in the Mind of St. Paul

Christ and the Nature of God

The fourth of five talks by Canon C. E. RAVEN

FOR the first hearers and disciples of Jesus it is evident from the Gospels that the simple question: 'Who is this? What manner of man is this?' involved a long series of answers. From the first impression of his authority and originality, his influence and healing power, the events of the ministry of Jesus increased men's conviction of his uniqueness and universality of appeal. The experiences of his passion and resurrection brought them to the acknowledgement of his lordship. Like St. Paul, they gave him the highest status that their religious ideas permitted; and then began to discover that this was too low to do justice to his effects. The interpretations to which the continued evidence of his majesty constrained them, the metaphysical and theological problems that confronted them, were not (as is too often stated) accretions and inventions ingeniously imposed upon the earlier answers: they were a legitimate and indeed an inescapable fulfilment of the same primary necessity. 'What think ye of the Christ?'—the challenge which Jesus himself had uttered—could only lead on to 'Whose son is he?' and to the extension of the enquiry into regions involving the investigation of ultimate issues.

Testing the Old by the New

St. Paul, as we have seen, had discovered that, if he were to be true to his experience of Jesus, he must test by it his whole concepts of God and men. In the light of the new knowledge given in Christ the Old Testament doctrine of God seemed as archaic and insufficient as the Law. It must be tested at every point by the fresh standards and insights manifested in Christ; and all that was inconsistent with them must be reshaped or rejected. Even the hallowed traditions of Moses and the prophets, the stories of the Creation and of Sinai, of God as beyond all human apprehension or as revealed solely in the law and the tradition, must be replaced by the fuller revelation in Christ crucified. The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings must yield to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God whose righteousness is not legal but personal, whose creative love is not expressed by an act 'in the beginning' and a series of interventions subsequently, but as a continuing process constituting a permanent relationship, so ordered as to preserve the freedom, exercise the growth and promote the fulfilment of his children.

It will be best to see how St. Paul carried out this change before we consider how much the Church has lost by its neglect or even rejection of this part of his work.

It was, as we have seen, at Corinth that he explicitly replaced the traditional concepts of God as the omnipotent sovereign or, as the omniscient designer of the world by the Christian analogy of the all-loving Father. We have suggested that this change was largely due to the evident failure of his own attempts to present Christ in relation to the miraculous power or to the creative wisdom of the deity. But

probably his deeper motive for the new emphasis was his own experience of man's relationship to God, or rather of the method and character of God's dealings with man. He must long have pondered, as Jewish thought had done for many centuries, over the difficulty of reconciling ideas of the omnipotence and omniscience of God with the facts of evil and pain in the world. As old Ralph Cudworth, the Cambridge Platonist, put it of God as king: 'There are four possibilities: either God is able but not willing to overcome evil; or he is not able, though he be willing; or he is neither able nor willing; or he is both able and willing: only the last would seem to be consistent with the character of a good God, and it does not happen'. Transferring that argument to the idea of God as designer—the evidence of pain and disease, and of what Aristotle called the 'mistakes' in the creative process, seem to imply either that the designer is bad or that he is not God.

Children not Slaves

St. Paul, facing these age-old problems and studying how God in Christ had overcome the evil and faced the pain of the world, had come to see that the existence of the two is not compatible with a good God, if God's purpose is to produce a world of obedient slaves or of smoothly running machines; but that if a family of children is to be the goal, then freedom, even the freedom to crucify, must be allowed and preserved, since the fully personal being cannot be treated as if he were a slave or a robot. In other words, if God is love, He cannot deal on less than a loving level with His creatures. To break them or to de-personalise them is to deny not only their nature but His own. And God cannot deny Himself.

Out of his own wrestlings with human beings—his disciples and his opponents—St. Paul had learnt what his devotion to Christ and his understanding of Christ's Spirit and methods had also taught him: that love's way, its patience and fortitude, its self-giving and mercy, its tenderness and sympathy, is ultimately the only effective means of restoration. As he scrutinised, analysed and expounded what old commentators called the scheme of salvation in the first eight chapters of his Epistle to the Romans, he was in fact tracing the process by which God in Christ meets the needs, corrects the faults, strengthens the capabilities, and integrates the personalities of His children. In tracing it he succeeded in forming a concept of the nature of the creative process and so of the Creator widely different from any to be found in the Old Testament or, I think, elsewhere; a concept wholly compatible with the attitude of Jesus to humanity and to God, and very congenial to our modern scientific ideas. This presentation of God's world in its suffering and sin, its liberty and its hope, he sets out in the closing paragraphs of Romans, Chapter VIII, where it forms the climax of his whole splendid argument.

Here is an outline of his exposition. Sin and

suffering, such as we daily experience, are proof that creation is not an act once for all but a process still in the making: creation is subject to frustration: the creatures have not reached their goal. This is God's own act and intention: it is not that man has upset God's plan but that God so willed. This incompleteness is in fact a sort of pregnancy: the creation groans and travails, agonising for the birth that is to be, the birth characterised by the glorious liberty of the children of God, those children whose freedom is precisely what St. Augustine described as 'the blessed necessity of doing no sin'. In this process we ourselves share. Christ has given us the first-fruits, the example and the guarantee of 'life in the Spirit': yet we live even now not by achievement but in hope.

This picture of an adventure as yet unfulfilled is not the whole story. We are not the victims of an unaided struggle. God is no far-off umpire or spectator of our efforts. Rather does the Spirit of God enter into the struggle at our side and on our behalf, sharing in the groanings, and inspiring the advance. God is in fact Himself immediately involved as an actor, the principal actor in the drama; not (in spite of a verse about election) as infringing our freedom, but as encouraging and co-operating with all those who love Him. Therefore, whatever, our failures and delays, the end is ultimately sure: nothing can separate us from the love of God save our own rebellion: and while we love Him all things work together for good for us. Here and now our hope stands sure: and within us is the certain knowledge that that hope will ultimately in God's own time be fulfilled.

Doctrinally this vision of the significance of the creative process takes up and amplifies the famous words which we have already quoted at the end of his correspondence with Corinth—the familiar 'grace' which is at once the earliest specifically trinitarian formula and the clearest indication of how that formula became authoritative. Paul has realised that it is the gracious gift and presence of Christ which reveals and guarantees that God is love and constitutes and integrates the community of the Holy Spirit. Christ is the first-fruits, the archetype and revealer of the divine plan in creation: from Christ it follows that the true nature of the unseen God is a creative love analogous to that of parenthood: from Christ, too, originates and is sustained that blessed community which is the symbol and instrument of the divine love and is itself the embodiment of Christ's Spirit.

Three Modes of the Divine Being

The three clauses define three distinguishable and permanent modes of the divine being: the revealer or Word of God, the revealed or God transcendent and eternal, and the revelation operative in the creature itself both individual and collective, and enabling the response in it to the Revealer's grace. Such clauses represent in its simplest form, and suggest the fuller development of, the doctrine of the Trinity.

Yet with St. Paul the insistence is always on the essential unity of God in Nature and history, of God in Christ, and of God as the Spirit of God and of Christ, the Holy One, the source in us of our organic union with Christ and with one another. He sees and stresses the element of divine wholeness which links the many-sided events of the one creative, redemptive and sanc-

tifying process into a single and integrated movement. So he must and can extend his presentation of Jesus who 'being in the form of a servant had no thought of clinging to his divine status', to the stature of the all-inclusive cosmic Christ 'in whom as God's mystery (or self-revelation) are disclosed all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge'.

At the other end of the scale he can link up every human virtue with the Spirit of Christ as that Spirit's fruit and evidence, and point forward from the tragic failures and shames of the present to the day already foreshadowed when we all attain to the goal of our true humanity as this has been once perfectly shown to us in the many-sided splendour of the Lord.

—General Overseas Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Technology and World Advancement

Sir,—I have read the very interesting and timely broadcast by Professor Blackett on 'Technology and World Advancement', published in THE LISTENER of September 5.

The effect of population growth is, however, more serious than he implies. The United Nations' Report on the World Social Situation (1957) shows that much of Asia, much of Africa, and parts of Central and South America are included in the group in which both fertility and mortality are high and population growth only moderate, between 1 and 2 per cent.

The second group includes the major part of Central and South America, some countries in Asia and possibly also in Africa where there is high fertility and moderate or low mortality, the rate of population increase being between 2 and 3 per cent.

The problem arises when the first group passes into the second. Such countries are incapable of themselves providing the capital investment needed to improve their standard of living. Moreover, there is a high proportion of children, i.e. a high ratio of inactive to economically active males.

The task of helping underdeveloped areas to achieve economic progress is tremendous. Of present efforts Gunnar Myrdal has written: 'The results of these are small indeed, measured in terms of the hopes once held out to the peoples; but the efforts still continue'.

Gunnar Myrdal also points out that 'there is actually a steady capital flight going on from underdeveloped countries which, in a realistic analysis, should be counted against what there is of capital inflow into them'.

The problem of providing massive economic aid cannot be isolated from that of preventing loss of capital and from making suitable trade relations to the benefit of needy countries. As to the provision of £1,000,000,000 in free gifts or long-term loans, it has so far proved impossible to start S.U.N.F.E.D. with an initial capital of \$250,000,000 or, say, £100,000,000. The Governments of both Britain and the United States of America are opposed to S.U.N.F.E.D. and an American spokesman has recently condemned it in Geneva as 'Lilliputian'.

What hope then of achieving the degree of economic aid which the Professor thinks desirable?—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

REGINALD MOSS

Christ in the Mind of St. Paul

Sir,—Canon Raven in his talk 'Christ the image of the invisible' (THE LISTENER, September 5) says: 'Gallio . . . has become a name

synonymous with a flippant and shallow indifference'. This is certainly the verdict of history but is it just? To me Gallio is one of the most ill-used of all historical characters. What are the facts?

(1) The Jews dragged Paul before the judgement seat of Gallio on a charge of perverting their religion.

(2) Gallio dismissed the charge without calling upon Paul for his defence. He made it clear that his job was to rule his province, not to arbitrate in a purely religious squabble amongst the Jews.

(3) Seeing that the hated Jews got no help from Gallio the Greeks took the chance to beat Sosthenes—but Gallio cared for none of these things'.

In plain language Gallio stuck to the straight path of a Roman ruler. On a similar occasion Pontius Pilate showed less strength of character.

Yours, etc.,

Buxton

F. A. BEARN

Art Studio Conversations in U.S.S.R.

Sir,—I have not travelled so far in the U.S.S.R. as Mr. Denis Mathews but perhaps I could add some points in which my impressions of Russian artists differed from Mr. Mathews (THE LISTENER, September 5).

I was in Moscow for the recent youth festival and I found that artists from all over the Soviet Union were present, so that in fact I did get quite a wide view of Russian art. I asked much the same questions as Mr. Mathews but in some cases the answers were a little different. Mr. Mathews says: 'Our own minority group of abstract and *tachiste* schools back here in Britain hold no interest for them whatsoever'. I found considerable interest, especially among the younger, more immature painters, though not among the sculptors. They told me that there would be a lot of experimenting in the future and that they could not ignore western developments though they were determined to find their own way. They were most eager to see the reproductions of modern western art which I took with me and which are now in the library of the Artists' Union. Out of the British artists, there was unanimous approval of Stanley Spencer. 'You can see what the pictures are about but at the same time his thought is so obviously original'. Sutherland, Moore, Nicholson, and Hitchens were received without enthusiasm though Sutherland's portraits and Moore's Northampton Madonna were thought to be very good: 'You see, here they had a special job to do, a tangible purpose, the other work seems aimless and that is why we can't understand it'.

I put forward the idea that abstract art had its main use in applied and industrial art and was the essential in architecture. Unlike Mr. Mathews, who only found one painter holding this view, I found most artists agreed with me, even the staunchest supporter of Russian socialist art of the past few decades.

As I went round the exhibition of young artists' work housed in the Academy of Fine Art in Moscow, I discovered an interesting fact. I wonder if Mr. Mathews found the same thing. The paintings and sculptures which interested me, because of their liveliness and originality compared to the majority of the work exhibited, came from Riga, Leningrad, and Erevan: not from Moscow, and not from any more easterly parts of Russia. I wondered if, because of their long westernisation, these cities were historically prepared immediately to support the less authoritarian attitude to the arts evident since the twentieth congress.

Nevertheless I think that Mr. Mathews has given us an extremely honest and balanced view of Russian art today and I would agree with him that 'they are determined on realism'. Not a narrow realism any more, but as wide as human experience and the greatest artists of the past.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.6

R. A. SIMMONS

George Chinnery

Sir,—Mr. David Piper's notice of the exhibition of George Chinnery's paintings (THE LISTENER, August 29) seems to me rather too airy and quizzical to do justice to the artist.

I was certainly disappointed to find that, though I have long admired certain small paintings, water colours, and drawings by Chinnery, the present exhibition appeared in bulk actually to diminish rather than add to his stature as an artist; but that is, I think, the result of including too much inferior work.

A minor artist is best judged by his best work, and at his best Chinnery is excellent. He is good only on a small scale. His paint is often fresh and rich, his colour resonant, and his composition much more varied and less conventional than with most of his minor contemporaries. His handling of crowds is admirable, and as a figure draughtsman he stands very high in the English School—on a level with, for example, Rowlandson, De Loutherbourg, Ibbetson, and J. A. Atkinson. His pen and ink wash drawings of groups of figures are always full of life and are, perhaps, his best work. There really are no better drawings in the English School.

Fortunately Mr. Piper's notice was adorned with a reproduction of Chinnery's self-portrait,

which, Mr. Piper grants, is 'one of his best paintings'. It might not be easy to name a better English portrait of the period—c. 1840.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

L. G. DUKE

Reflections on Linguistic Philosophy

Sir,—After reading Mr. Gellner's letter (THE LISTENER, September 5) and re-reading his talks (August 8 and 15) I think he was right in saying I had not read the talks properly, and agree that I was wrong in saying that Wittgenstein's views in the *Investigations* 'frighten professional philosophers'. I should have said, 'frighten some professional philosophers', meaning the ones who, like Mr. Gellner, think philosophy is really about something. I am in that camp too; but so was Wittgenstein in his later years.

Pace Mr. Gellner, Wittgenstein did say (in effect): 'Moi, je ne suis pas Wittgensteinien', in the passage I quoted in my letter (THE LISTENER, August 22) from the end of his introduction to the *Investigations*.

He seems to have been in his last years entirely devoted, in the manner of the saints of all ages. The article by his friend, Professor G. H. von Wright, in *The Philosophical Review* (Cornell University Press, October 1955) brings this out:

Wittgenstein received deeper impressions from some writers in the borderland between philosophy, religion, and poetry than from the philosophers in the restricted sense of the word. . . . Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, and Tolstoy . . . St. Augustine's Confessions. . . . Between Wittgenstein and Pascal there is a trenchant parallelism. . . .

Just before his death (from cancer in April 1951, diagnosed 1949), Wright notes:

During the last two months he was not in bed and was apparently in the best of spirits. As late as two days before his death he wrote down thoughts which are equal to the best he produced.

His impact on philosophers of the type Mr. Gellner approves has been to show them how to cut out dead wood, how to be more creatively self-critical than before, how to tell more truth.

If Mr. Gellner can accept this view, he may like to revise the reference to Wittgenstein at the end of his second talk.—Yours, etc.,

Totnes

H. W. HECKSTALL-SMITH

Sir,—Perhaps I can conceive of something mysterious other than 'currently unsolved scientific problems', to use the words of Mr. Gellner's letter. This is that anything should exist at all. Obviously science cannot explain this fact. But can anything else? I hold that if a thing cannot be explained scientifically then it cannot be explained. Mr. Gellner seems to think that there is a type of non-scientific or metaphysical explanation, and exhorts philosophers to get on with it. As, however, he does not tell us what it is, we do not know how to follow his advice.

What we do know a little about is how to make confused ideas clearer, and there is enough work in this to keep us busy. Indirectly we may benefit science and so, after all, help to give explanations of mysteries.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

J. J. C. SMART

Richard Jefferies

Sir,—I am grateful for your most useful and helpful review of *Field and Farm* (THE LISTENER, August 15). I notice that a correspondent wrote to you saying that at the

Jefferies centenary celebrations at Swindon in 1948 I announced 'that in 1950 I hoped to publish the definitive Life in two volumes'. Your correspondent's memory betrays him. I have never contemplated any such heavy artillery as a two-volume Life of Jefferies, for I feel strongly that two-volume Lives are out of date and belong to the nineteenth century. My Life of Jefferies, based upon the unpublished manuscripts and letters he left behind him, is now in active preparation. It has been delayed by circumstances beyond my control. However, I am glad to say that I am now able to proceed with its writing. It is a long and difficult task, owing partially to the large amount of transcription and collation of many documents in the process. Your correspondent's interest and great encouragement in my work, for which I sincerely thank him, will soon have, I trust, its fitting reward, but in one volume.

With regard to the suggestion that, in the meanwhile, I should publish a separate volume of Jefferies' letters: it is not feasible. He is not one of the great letter writers, or even, with a few exceptions, such as the Amaryllis letters in *Field and Farm*, a very interesting one. To issue a separate volume of letters is neither practicable nor advisable. Their proper task is to illustrate the Life on which I am now engaged, in matters of fact.

I need hardly say that the Life will be detailed and, I hope, completely impartial, for on no other basis is a biography tolerable or even desirable.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

SAMUEL J. LOOKER

The African Renaissance

Sir,—Mr. Fabunmi's letter in THE LISTENER of September 5 on the African Renaissance, with its mention of Bishop (Samuel) Adjai Crowther (whose name, by the way, indicates that he had ancestors of slavery origin), prompts me to ask whether there is anyone else alive today who can say, as I can, that as a child of four years old he knew that very great and good man in 1874-5?

The garden of the vicarage of St. Peter and St. Paul, Wisbeach (then so spelt) was my playground. Thither on a Sunday afternoon I was taken by my nanny to play with she dozed under one of the gorgeous beech trees for which the site was famous. Sitting there, at a little distance, 'was a 'Black Man'—probably meditating over the missionary address he was to give later in the parish church. I knew enough even then to recognise an Episcopal outfit when I saw it though I confess I was a little alarmed when its wearer beckoned me to him. After all these years I can still see and hear in memory what happened. In perfect English (he was D. D. Oxon, and not *honoris causa*) he said, 'Come here, little man!' Setting me on his knee he told me a West African folk-lore story of birds and beasts in his native land and then bade me kneel at his feet. He laid his hands on my head and gave me his blessing: 'Heavenly Father, bless this little child and make him a blessing in this world'.

Years after I was to learn that he was known as 'the first Black Bishop since S. Augustine of Hippo'.

Perhaps you will let me add that I was born (in Westmorland) in 1869.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

H. MARTYN SANDERS

A German Comic Opera

Sir,—It is unfortunate that Eric Blom in his excellent article on Lortzing (THE LISTENER, August 22) should have lumped together mere 'fashionable authors like Kotzebue, Scribe' with Nestroy, a fact which explains to him that much of the incidental music of this composer lacks inspiration. Nestroy is—in contrast to the hack-writer Kotzebue—one of the few comic writers of genius in the German language. Although not all of his many plays are masterpieces and he made in them concessions to the taste of the Viennese public, they contain such an abundant wealth of wit, wisdom, and insight into the frailties of human character, that one has made selections of their highlights, arranged as books of aphorisms. It is only a pity that the complex structure of his language—a kind of most subtle linguistic baroque—combined with the fact that he wrote in the Austrian dialect, set to prospective translators a very difficult task, and thus deprive theatre audiences outside Austria and Germany of a source of great entertainment. Your readers might be interested to learn that Offenbach wrote the incidental music to his play 'Häuptling Abendwind'.—Yours, etc.,

Virginia Water

RICHARD SCHICK

'The Future of the Public Schools'

Sir,—Education, like law and religion, is surely a realm in which it is reasonable to ask that the adjective 'British' be used with care. If Mr. Harold Beaver ('The Spoken Word', THE LISTENER, August 29) in fact told his American friends that 'the central fact of British education' is 'our public schools', he misinformed them so far as Scotland is concerned.

In Scotland there are about 200 independent schools compared with 3,200 'state' schools, and of these 200 only about nine to a dozen (depending on which criterion you adopt) are 'public schools' in the Englishman's meaning of the term. All but about 2 per cent. of Scottish schoolchildren receive their education at local authority (in Scotland we call these 'public schools') or direct-grant schools. Each of these categories contains a considerable number of schools of high academic standing. English-type public schools are, in fact, very much on the periphery of Scottish education.

In these respects, indeed, the Scottish system is very much more like the American than the English is to either. It seems a pity that Mr. Beaver did not mention this fact when telling his American friends about 'British' education.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

JOHN HIGHT

Frying Pans and Kettles

Sir,—Miss Rosemary McRobert (THE LISTENER, September 5) recommends abstinence from the use of water from the hot tap or of water already boiled as a partial preventive of fur in kettles. The recommendation might be more convincing if the grounds could be stated on which it is based.

Water which, through heating, has already deposited some of its 'fur' in the hot water system or in the kettle would be expected, in the absence of contrary reasons, to deposit less 'fur' when re-heated than fresh water would. If this is so, the abstinence recommended would increase rather than diminish the deposition of 'fur'.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

E. GOLD

Art

Bassano in Venice

By QUENTIN BELL

THE very complete exhibition of the works of Iacopo Bassano which may be seen in the Palazzo Ducale until October 27 provides, in addition to some memorable experiences, an aesthetic case history of great interest. It may introduce the stranger to a very singular, or perhaps one should say to a very multiple, personality, an artist who, though not inventive, was infinitely various, who reflected nearly all the important tendencies of his time, anticipated the experiments of the next generation, worked in half a dozen different manners and, in the end, made a grand contribution to Italian painting.

Iacopo da Ponte, the son of a painter and the father of painters, was born at the height of the Renaissance (about 1515) in Bassano, and there he spent most of his quiet life. It is perhaps worth pointing out that the city from which he takes his name lies at the Alpine extremity of the Venetian plain and guards the passes to the north; for there is in the work of Iacopo a persistent northern feeling which underlies the many influences to which he was subjected by the Venetians and southerners. His earliest works, groups of stunted, awkwardly painted figures, are decidedly provincial; already one may discern those poses and properties which he produces again and again, rather as a village conjurer repeats his best card trick. And yet, despite much that is crude and dull, this early work is, in its way, impressive; it has a conviction which is lacking in some of his later productions, and there are a few really brilliant strokes: the standing figure of a man in the 'Supper at Emmaus' from Cittadella, the seated girl with a dog from the 'Madonna Enthroned' in the Museo Civico of Bassano—which is wonderfully well painted. And nearly always there are admirable passages of landscape and excellent still lives.

This first period ends abruptly with Iacopo's discovery of Raphael and Michelangelo (at second hand), 'Samson slaying the Philistines', a bustling, writhing study of muscular violence from Dresden, marks the change. For a moment still life and landscape are forgotten, the new influence is accepted without reservations and we are left with a salad of *academies*. This is but the first of many enthusiasms. Lorenzo Lotto, Pontormo, Rosso, Titian, Tintoretto, and Parmigianino all produce violent changes of style and an *oeuvre* so experimental that it is sometimes hard to believe that all these pictures came from the same hand. As may be imagined

the effect of so many deviations was not always happy. Mannerism, in particular, was an unhealthy diet for a painter whose greatest virtue lay in his appreciation of the commonplace; and there are some etiolated madonnas, their weak angular faces flicked in with chalky paint, which are downright bad. A time was to come when,

themselves. The subject became a mere pretext, the familiar poses and properties were redeployed in new formations and the painter devoted his energies to the solution of the latest problem in the manner of the latest master, or masters.

In the case of Bassano it may be said that this phase began too late and lasted too long and yet it may also be said that it was essential in the formation of his own very personal kind of painting. Moreover it should be noted that he was not simply the recipient of influences. In the course of his experiments he himself became an innovator. The Conti-Bonacossi 'Madonna' must surely have inspired Sir Joshua Reynolds in many of his earlier portraits. The Detroit 'Madonna' seems to foreshadow a whole school of nineteenth-century portraiture, while the 'Last Supper' from the Borghese anticipates the dramatic naturalism of Caravaggio. And yet, even in this exciting and highly successful work, it is a knife, a napkin, a glass of wine and the pallid face of a sheep on a plate, its vacant blue eye staring out of the centre of the canvas, which engage our attention. 'If only', one is tempted to say, 'if only Bassano could have rid himself of this eternal Italian preoccupation with the human body and all its extravagant emotional attitudes, if only he could have responded freely to that voice which called to him from beyond the Alps and could have devoted himself entirely to the description of those things that he really loved—bottles and glasses, wooden buckets, trees, mountains, cats and mules'. The temptation should be resisted; in the first place the voice from beyond the Alps is purely hypothetical, in the second Bassano had another solution to his problems.

It was not a final stylistic solution; he was still to be swayed by other painters and in particular by Titian;

but from about 1560 his pictures have far greater unity and far greater strength. There is in his work a new interest in things, a new gravity and splendour of colour. His figures are now incorporated in the landscape, they retain their dramatic mobility and force but, at the same time, they have the comfortable solidity of the everyday world. It is still possible to find plenty of allusions, of quotations even, but they no longer matter. In the romantic landscape—supernatural yet earthy—which is Bassano's great contribution to the development of European painting, stylistic excursions could be accommodated without difficulty. Style no longer preoccupied the artist for now he had a style of his own.



'St. Valentino baptising St. Lucilla', by Bassano

wholly seduced by *manierismo*, even those still life passages, which Bassano had loved in his youth and to which he was to return in his old age, lost their solid virtues and were reduced to mere tricky adumbrations of glittering brushwork.

But it would be wrong to think of Bassano as a mere weathercock spinning and veering in the squalls of the *cinquecento*. He was a highly gifted painter who, for a very long period, became wholly immersed in questions of style. He was by no means indiscriminate in his choice of masters, and was by no means stupid in learning from them. But this preoccupation with the manner of painting things was at times sufficiently strong to dull his interest in the things

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A History of 'Punch'. By R. G. G. Price. Collins. 30s.

Punch HAS WINGED its way down the centuries, now wasp, now honey-bee. It began waspishly, a product of Bohemian radicals who cocked snooks at the Court in a manner now left to men of title. It became Palmerstonian, then decreasingly political but still Liberal, finally True Blue under Seaman, a serene purveyor of honey for the middle-class consumer. Waspishness has lately returned, but the injector of the sting departs. What next? Mr. Price confidently assures us that the paper's future is more interesting than its past.

The historian has had to cover a tremendous field, rich in personalities worth volumes in themselves. A chronicle of *Punch* is a chronicle of English politics, humorous writing, humorous draughtsmanship, class-divisions, sport, and snobbery, as well as of the human 'cards' who quarrelled fiercely while sharing drinks, debts, and diversions in Victorian Grub Street and in the pubs and clubs then most dear to wags and wits of the period. Fortunately Mr. Price is an extremely brisk writer and he has commendably included, with a sufficiency of illustration, a load of fact concerning the men and moods of the paper. He has not shrunk from being critical about the staff and contributors of yesterday and to-day. It was not an easy task for an active participant to be thus judicial about his colleagues, but his judgements seem to be as fair as his coverage is full. It can be complained that he has piled in too many minor names at the close. His last pages remind one of the reporter on the local paper who will be sacked if he does not list everybody present at the wedding. But one can understand his dilemmas.

The stripling *Punch*, though politically waspish, was morally respectable when its rivals were blatantly vulgar: yet it throve on decency. While the great comic writers of the world have been free to seek laughter in sex and religion, English taste has forbidden those rich mines to the humorist. To go on being funny once a week with such limitation of themes has been a task sometimes found impossible, and the challenge was even more severe when, by editorial decree, politics had to be handled very gently. It is interesting to be reminded that A. A. Milne was one of the victims of this repression: he wished to be radical and sharp; he was side-tracked into the meek and mild. Continually in later years, as Mr. Price well demonstrates, the talents were trimmed, the stings drawn.

The next editor, unnamed at the time of writing, should be grateful to Mr. Price for providing him with this compendium of good and bad precedents as well as for informing the general reader about the social background and the social and personal pressures which have determined, for more than a century, the tone and targets of the comic writing. The public has continued to pay *Punch* the compliment of grumbling at it instead of forgetting it. It has nagged it for nagging the great too much or for nagging them too little, which is much more satisfactory for the owners of such a property than to have a yawning intimation that its con-

duct does not matter anyway. Mr. Price has vividly chronicled the old bickerings and the passage of the *Punch* men from the tavern full of angry young men to the august 'table' of what Seaman turned into Fleet Street's Senior Common Room.

German Rule in Russia 1941-1945

By Alexander Dallin. Macmillan. 60s.

Mr. Dallin's book about German rule, or rather the failure of German rule, in Russia satisfies a real need, for the subject as such has been almost completely neglected. The German occupation of Russia had for the Germans a particular significance in that the colonisation of parts of that country was a traditional dream; apart from the German Knights of the Middle Ages, Ludendorff and Seeckt, as Mr. Dallin points out, had thought in such terms, and *Mein Kampf* had established this goal as Nazi doctrine to be fulfilled through the hierarchy of Himmler and the S.S.

Mr. Dallin is at pains to emphasise the divided counsels of the Germans in Russia. When he knew that Hitler had decided to invade the U.S.S.R., Alfred Rosenberg, the disappointed philosopher of the National Socialist Party, believed that at last his hour had come. He was indeed placed at the head of the new *Ostministerium*, and was free to indulge in intricate projects for the future administration of Russia. He had always regarded that country as a network of nationalities oppressed by the Great Russians of the Moscow area, who were, by his definition, intrinsically evil. The Germans should, therefore, present themselves as the liberators of the Ukrainians, White Russians and Caucasians; using these peoples as grateful subjects, eligible for autonomy perhaps later if they proved their gratitude, the Germans should proceed to isolate and suppress the Great Russians, removing the last of them to Siberia. This policy of elaborate differentiation was unwelcome both to the German Army, which found it too complicated to work, and to the S.S. leaders, who felt that it involved too much fuss about creatures who were not even remotely Germanic. In the case of the Cossacks, while the Army was prepared to offer them separate recognition because they were useful, Rosenberg did not accept them as a true nationality.

Endless altercation helped the champions of frightfulness to win the battle for policy since what they advocated was simple: it happened also to be what Adolf Hitler desired. Erich Koch, the former *Gauleiter* of East Prussia who had been appointed *Reichskommissar* in the East with headquarters in the Ukraine, maltreated the population as he chose; protests from Rosenberg did not disturb him. But it was his sickening brutality, and that of his underlings, that reconciled large numbers of Russians to the Soviet regime and created the Soviet partisan movement. Although the peasants, especially in the Ukraine, had every reason to hate the collectivisation of the land, the German Decree of February 1942 preserved it: when, fifteen months later, Rosenberg succeeded in reversing

this *Erlass* and restoring private property, it was too late to win popularity.

Mr. Dallin's account of General Vlasov is of particular interest. Captured by the Germans in 1942, Vlasov was immediately recognised by some of his interrogators as a man of integrity and at least of some ability. At last, after constant delay, Himmler met Vlasov in September 1944 when it was really too late to matter; they even made some kind of agreement according to which there was to be a free and independent Russia after the overthrow of Communism. Vlasov agreed to Cossack autonomy and he renounced the Crimea, one of the territories which, distance notwithstanding, the Germans had all along intended to retain.

Mr. Dallin has grouped his work according to his major themes thus slightly obscuring the chronology of his tale; adequate clarity is, however, provided by his wealth of sub-headings. This is a valuable book.

Like a Bulwark. Poems by Marianne Moore. Faber. 10s. 6d.

Among the notes to Miss Marianne Moore's new book of poems is one which begins: 'I opened *The New York Times* one morning (March 3, 1952) and a column by Arthur Daley on Ted Atkinson and Tom Fool took my fancy'. This statement affords a neat illustration of Miss Moore's random preciseness, and a clue to the attraction of her verse. It is the wry and unlikely nature of her fancy which takes her, without the least appearance of virtuosity, into the worlds of racing or baseball as they are presented through the sports columns. The written word is a perfectly adequate source of experience for her fastidious intelligence, and her appealing donnishness encompasses an undiminished relish for the visual particulars of life. The racehorse has 'nose rigid and suede nostrils spread'; the Spanish dancer is an 'axis of the hairfine moon'; the sycamore 'an albino giraffe'.

Yet the astringent note of her very best poetry ('Of Critics and Connoisseurs', for example, or 'His Shield') is absent here. Perhaps it is because there are too few birds and animals and too many baseball players and generalities. The elements of Miss Moore's genius are purity and originality of visual imagery, a gift for idiosyncratic aphorism, and a delayed irony which is wonderfully counterpointed with the sophisticated rhythm of her verse. These elements seem to fuse when there are 'real toads' in her 'imaginary gardens'. Thus 'Apparition of Splendour' and 'Then the Ermine' which radiate, respectively, from the image of a porcupine and a bat, are outstanding in this collection. On the other hand, a flat, prosy note mars whole passages of those poems in which ideas seem to be presented raw. 'Selective injury to cancer/cells without injury to/normal ones—another/gain—looks like prophecy, come true'—this might be William Carlos Williams at his worst. Compare this with the last verse of 'Then the Ermine': 'a perfecter, and so a concealer—/with the power of implosion;/like violets by Dürer;/even darker'.

One thing is not absent here, however, and

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that is a sincerity so unselfconscious and ingrained as to be beautiful in itself. Miss Moore has no set patterns of thought or association and the great strength of her approach is in its effect of freshness and originality. Its weakness is in the centripetal tendency of the images and associated ideas. In 'Tom Fool', for example, the racehorse is at the centre of a web of elements a good many of which have to do roughly with 'chance', as something inevitable, something not to be deterred by, the regrettable impurity of life itself, the aura of racing. But co-present with the idea of 'chance' is that of 'champions'—what their mark is, and how they are creatures, whether animal or human, which 'ennoble the atmosphere'. Poetry is not chemistry, of course; it is alchemy. But there is a point at which the reader cries out for the elements to combine, in order to produce that unique entity which is the completely satisfying poem. In Marianne Moore's poetry the elements are brilliant and unusual, valuable in themselves, but sometimes, one feels, the necessary catalyst is absent. One thinks of what 'Tom Fool's' jockey said about him: 'He was a great horse, but I was fond of him not so much for what he achieved as for what he was'. He was a champion.

Marriage and the Unconscious

By Edward F. Griffith.

Secker and Warburg. 21s.

In our modern times the art of soothsaying has acquired an increasingly professional aspect. The psycho-therapist, for example, no longer confines his attention to the classical mental disorders, but, straying into the social field, has set up advisory centres to deal with problems of life or, as this is sometimes called, mental hygiene, arising at almost any phase from infancy to senescence. In particular, bureaux for marriage guidance and family planning are springing up at which those who are susceptible to advice can meet those who enjoy giving it, no doubt a highly satisfactory arrangement for both parties. When, however, it comes to the publication of books on these subjects designed for the general reader, it is desirable in the public interest that either author or publisher should indicate clearly on the title-page what variety of advice or psycho-therapy is on display, lest the reader should conclude that he is acquiring standard doctrine regarding an acutely controversial subject.

Dr. Griffith, who has spent many years in the consideration of marriage, morals, sex, parenthood and the like, and was in fact a founder-member of the Marriage Guidance Council, draws on his experiences as, in turn, gynaecologist, general physician and medical psychologist. His psychological bias is almost purely Jungian and, not surprisingly therefore, he is given to exegesis, being obviously concerned that his views on psychology, morals, and marriage should be congruous with Christian ethics. He is also by way of being an optimist, not only in his approach to marital psycho-therapy but in his general psychological orientations, as when he says: 'I am impressed by the contributions that Jungian psychology which, of course, embraces Freud's main concepts' [reviewer's italics] 'can make to these matters'.

Within these limitations Dr. Griffith, being a persuasive and lucid writer, has written a book that will no doubt have a wide appeal to those

who are ready to accept his premisses. Others may feel that he might have done better to consider the 'sanctity of marriage' more closely than he does in the light of man's psycho-biological development. It is only fair, however, to add that the author's sense of uplift does not overlay too much his common sense; and though at times he makes a little too much pother over the hygiene and technique of consummation, his medical acumen is sharp enough. No mean praise: for common sense books on the subject of marriage are hard to come by.

Schiller and the Changing Past. By William F. Mainland. Heinemann. 25s.

Of the major German dramatists, it is Schiller who makes the most direct and heartening appeal. His concern for the rights of the individual, his posing of the problem of free will and determinism, his preoccupation with the tragic forms of Shakespeare and the Greeks, his keen sense of the theatrical and the dramatic, and above all the omnipresent fervour of his moral idealism are features of his work which impress themselves upon the receptive reader or hearer. In his high tragedy there is a clear-seeming conflict between good and evil; the heroes and heroines know that they ought to be guided by Rousseau's voice of the heart or Kant's categorical imperative, while their opponents are swayed by scepticism, selfishness and political expediency. The good may go to the wall, but by retaining their moral integrity and their faith in an ideal world they triumph ultimately. By temperament Schiller saw life in Baroque terms; if the stoicism of Corneille or Gryphius assumed a fusion of classical and Christian traditions, Schiller, living in the later half of the eighteenth century, interpreted these traditions in terms of the age of enlightenment and feeling. His tragedy might be called demythologised Baroque.

The present work is a series of essays on aspects of Schiller's work, and its unity lies in the author's reverence for the dramatist rather than in any attempt to assess his work whole. In his introduction Professor Mainland outlines Schiller's conception of art as expressed in the essay 'On the Aesthetic Education of Man'. For Schiller 'Art is not languorous escape'. From the heavy constraint of our physical and mental effort, from the pre-occupations of duty, but also from the thralldom of the senses we move into the freedom of serious play'. There is a discussion of the alternative endings to the early 'republican tragedy' 'Fiesco', and of the light thrown by a stage direction on the relationships of Octavio and Buttler to Wallenstein in 'Wallenstein's Death'. In an essay on 'Maria Stuart' Elisabeth is regarded as a figure no less tragic than Maria. 'The Maid of Orleans' is demonstrated as a 'tragedy of dedication', and 'Wilhelm Tell' as an illustration of the relationship between individual and community. The fragment 'Demetrius' is interpreted as 'a tragedy of human illusion', with some reference to problems raised for Schiller by the French Revolution. The last and longest chapter, a discussion of Schiller's most important theoretical work, the essay 'Concerning Spontaneous and Reflective Poetry', contains interesting reflections on the links between poetry and music.

Within the last eight years the English public has been provided with three full-length studies of Schiller, apart from this present one. In 1949

appeared the two general assessments of H. B. Garland and W. Witte, and in 1954 E. L. Stahl's *Schiller's Drama: Theory and Practice*. Schiller's plays and poems have long been classics in the class-room sense. It would, however, be a mistake to be patronising towards Schiller on the pretext that his characterisation may not be sophisticated. It is the merit of Professor Mainland's book, as also of the three earlier English studies, that Schiller is shown as an imaginative writer of depth and complexity. This latest book indeed tends to dwell on details which will be of interest primarily to the specialist; further, there are numerous and lengthy quotations in German which are not translated into English. But Professor Mainland succeeds admirably in conveying his informed enthusiasm for Schiller to his readers.

Easter Island. By Alfred Métraux.

Deutsch. 21s.

A body without a soul is how Dr. Métraux describes Easter Island. He visited the island before the war as a member of a Franco-Belgian team of investigators, and his account is doubly intriguing. One takes, of course, to his book in search of information about the tall tufa statues of the island and the island tablets with their curious script and the origins of Easter Island civilisation; but straightaway it is Easter Island itself which takes shape through the mist of the Pacific as the expedition comes to land, ready to meet the islanders of today, the Chilean governor and the Scottish sheep factors.

A body without a soul. Statues stand out of the grass, statues lie broken or half-buried. A civilisation (not altogether an admirable one with its liking for human flesh) has dribbled away; and a population, now increasing again, still speaking the Easter language (however mixed in descent), still retaining scraps of fact and belief and legend about the Easter Island before ship and missionary, but no longer in unison with sea or island or soil, now impresses the visitor with the soullessness so common to islanders in the present world. And not to islanders alone, since most of us, in more degree or less, are cutting ourselves from the strength of our own past and from intimacy with our own environment.

The vividness of Dr. Métraux's introduction breaks off disappointingly. But disappointment is at once tempered by as fascinating an account of contact with Europeans in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and then by a reconstruction out of clues and analogy of the older civilisation.

What we do not know and are puzzled by we tend to explain extravagantly. This book has no use for extravagance. The Easter Island civilisation is presented as an incident (it can hardly have been anything else) in the Polynesian spread, marked in a peculiar way by the peculiarities of the island. Thus wood was extremely scarce, while tufa from the volcano was abundant, so ancestor images or ancestor deities for the mausoleums were made of this soft, easy, plentiful material, and the island sculpture was evolved. (Incidentally the figures were coloured originally. The British Museum's large image from Easter Island once showed traces of red ochre and white pigment.)

The arm-chair view of statues or heads still emanating from the grass slopes of Rano-raraku, their parent volcano, as well as acquaintance

with that British Museum figure, gives one a respect for the sculpture, the sculptors, and the force of compulsion behind their religious art.

But knowing the sculptures *in situ*, the author finds them repetitive and monotonous. This is the one item in an excellent book for which one

is ungrateful. One hopes he is wrong, one hopes this is explained by an anthropological indifference to art as mere art.

New Novels

City of Spades. By Colin MacInnes. Macgibbon and Kee. 15s.

Rockets Galore. By Compton Mackenzie. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Gazooka. By Gwyn Thomas. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

The Three-Cornered Halo. By Christianna Brand. Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.

Cork in the Doghouse. By Macdonald Hastings. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH you may not be aware of it, dear readers, you are (or at any rate most of you are) Jumbles. For Jumble, a happy corruption of John Bull, is the Englishman's nickname in the mouths of the thousands of Africans and West Indians who have flocked to London since the war. It does not seem to me at all (as Mr. Colin MacInnes and his publisher seem to fear) an offensive name. In fact, I rather like it: the superficialities of 'muddling through' and the hard inner core of good solid beef and gaiters just about knocks off the national character as well as it could be done in a word. The Africans' sobriquet for themselves is well-found too: the Spades—a metaphor taken from the pack rather than from the potting-shed presumably.

So much for etymology. Mr. MacInnes' *City of Spades* is (perhaps not wholly intentionally) a sort of modern morality, describing the arrival in the Jumble capital of Mr. Johnny Macdonald Fortune, how he fell in with bad (Spade) company there and gambled away his money, how he lived upon his wits and drug-trafficking and was proud of it, how he lived upon women and upon charity and was not remotely grateful, how the majesty of the Law was determined to get Mr. Johnny Macdonald Fortune and duly got him, how Mr. J. M. Fortune returned to Lagos a sadder but a dubiously wiser man. The principal Jumble is one Montgomery Pew, Temporary Assistant Welfare Officer of the Colonial Department, an intelligent and sympathetic character who is so determined to understand the Spades' problems from the Spades' (principally Johnny Fortune's) point of view that his Assistantship is, not unexpectedly, terminated. Apart from Pew and Miss Theodora Pace, the outwardly frigid career-girl (B.B.C. model) who crumbles under the impact of an unlikely lech for Johnny, most of the remaining characters are Spades; and mostly remarkably unsavoury characters they are, dreadfully wicked, stupidly cunning and diabolically proud, though there are some nice ones amongst them—the calypso-king Mr. Lord Alexander, the demagogic Mr. Karl Marx Bo, the unnamed Bushman whose dialect Mr. MacInnes uproariously reproduces:

'You want some Merican cigaleks?'

'No, no'.

'At sree sillins for twentik, misters'.

'Oh, really? Well, yes, then. . . . How do you get these?'

Conspiratorially he replied: 'From him G.I.s who sells me. . . . Anyising from G.I. stores you wants I gess you: sirts, soss, ties, jackix, nylons, overcoaks, socolates or any osser foots'.

'You make a good profit?'

He looked bland. 'I muss have profix for my risks. That is my bisnick'.

This is an always exciting story and sparklingly written. The only thing that prevents it from being very good indeed is that the author seems to be conducting an earnest argument throughout without ever determining quite where he stands. Indeed he is not so much sitting on the fence as sitting on both sides of it at once, a position liable to cause cramps and confusion in the most telescopic. One half of Mr. MacInnes is profoundly eager, like his protagonist Montgomery Pew, to get beneath the black skins of the Spades and present them in their own terms and upon their own conditions to an alien and uncomprehending Jumble world. To this end he tries to promote the paradox of a Johnny Fortune who shall be at once callous, greedy and criminal but redeemed nevertheless, humanly speaking, by grace, gaiety and the fact that in his own people's code what we Jumbles would call callousness, greediness and criminality don't really count.

But, long before he is through, Mr. MacInnes' own Jumble morality—may I say, in fact, his culture and humanity?—rebel, and Johnny begins to appear, willy-nilly, as the boring little cheapster that he is; to save which situation the author makes his really big mistake, attempting to whiten his collapsing hero by blackening the other side and accusing the British police force, by implication of things which, if they were remotely representative, would have caused a hundred parliamentary questions and a special commission. Mr. MacInnes, in fact, is so keen to understand the Spades that he wilfully caricatures and misrepresents the Jumbles and queers his own pitch in doing so.

City of Spades is undoubtedly the most brilliant contemporary handling of the 'Negro problem' but in spite of itself it seems ultimately to suggest (and quite wrongly, surely) that the only solution to that problem is to ship all the Negroes home.

Sir Compton Mackenzie's *Rockets Galore* is concerned with the moods and manners of a very different lot of 'natives', the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of his imaginary Hebridean isles of Great and Little Todday—where (fans will recall) the story of *Whisky Galore* was earlier played out. Of that book Sir Compton remarks that it was a 'genial farce'; and that *Rockets Galore* is 'a bitter farce'. His subject, the destruction of one of the last remaining Saturnian outposts in this Moloch-island of ours, by 'Government' in the name of 'Progress', is indeed a bitter one. Could *nowhere* more suitable for a guided-missiles range be found than among the machair and lochans of those impossibly beautiful lands? And could *no one* more suitable for eviction be found than the

crofters, last free men in a land of paper-chained slaves?

But though Sir Compton is deadly serious he wears his bitterness lightly and his rue with a difference. Above all, he knows his islanders from the inside absolutely, as a Jumble can never know a Spade; and he is fighting for the goodness of the individual against the badness of the state—not (as Mr. MacInnes) for the badness of the individual against the goodness of the state. This is Sir Compton's eightieth book, if my arithmetic is correct: it is the good clean workmanlike job we might expect, urbane, admirably mannered, and without the slightest sign of the weary or the perfunctory.

My other three books are purely entertainment and, curiously enough, two of them also are concerned with the interpretation of a foreign nation for the English benefit.

I have never been able to get along with Mr. Gwyn Thomas, finding his plots rudimentary and his facetiousness unbearable. One might have expected at least the first to be mended in a volume of short stories, but no. Mr. Thomas (it seems to me) with his unremitting gallop after comic effect and his laboured Taffy-the-Naafi Welsh never-never landscape is neither of any account in himself nor does he purvey anything of Wales as it is—rather the hammed-up version of Wales that the stupider sort of Englishman prefers, and that a true Welshman ought to be ashamed of himself for committing to paper.

Nor has Miss Christianna Brand any more cause to congratulate herself. *The Three-Cornered Halo* is devoted, roughly, to the proposition that foreigners are ever so funny. Charming, too, in their way, of course. Miss Brand, who presumably intends to be urbane and understanding, only succeeds in being patronising—and extraordinarily sloppy: it seems really *too* casual to invent an island language 'halfway between Spanish and Italian' without oneself evidently having more than an ungrammatical tourist's smattering of either; and, in a book whose theme is the canonisation of a Catholic saint, not only to speak of Patriarchs in the Roman Church (who of course do not exist), but to imagine that (if they did exist) they could possibly be appointed by the temporal authority.

Cork in the Doghouse?—well, I could hardly let that by. And I am happy to report that that Mr. Cork, well-known managing director of the Anchor Accident Insurance Company, manages to save the Staffordshire bull-terrier bitch from the wrong 'uns who are after her (good slow informative British thriller this), and that this Mr. Corke isn't in the doghouse yet.

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Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Kaleidoscope

IN THE SECOND programme in the series 'Give and Take' Father Anthony Bloom, Vicar of the Russian Orthodox Church in London, faced the challenge of five young writers to defend his beliefs in Heaven, Hell, and the Devil, and here, as in the first programme, it was the impressive personality of the priest that dominated the discussion and gave it coherence. What was wrong with both these programmes was that the challengers shared no common creed or philosophy which would have focused their questions, nor in last week's programme was it possible for the viewer to discover from what philosophical standpoint each individual spoke. It seemed also that most of the questions sprang from a conception of Roman Catholic, Orthodox, or Church of England beliefs which no intelligent member of those persuasions holds nowadays. On the other hand this enabled Father Anthony, while disowning these primitive ideas, to express a few of the articles of the Christian belief in present-day terms. Like its predecessor it was an engrossing broadcast.

Sir George Barnes, Dr. Julian Huxley, Peter Brook, and Professor A. J. Ayer formed a Brains Trust that combined sagacity with geniality, which lucky accident ensured that we should be not only interested but amused. It is impossible for the viewer or listener to discover what causes this happy state of affairs. Is it a compatibility of temperament or some chance phrase or occurrence that fuses the team into a human unit? Whatever it is, it is not the questions. The silliest question

will sometimes provoke an explosion of wit and wisdom and a provocative question a perfunctory reply.

'Why do I weep at the cinema but not at the theatre?' was one of last week's questions, and the answers surprised me. More than one of the team admitted the truth of this and gave what for me were totally unconvincing reasons for their unmanly behaviour. Neither cinema nor theatre has ever wrung tears from me, but

fairy palace but I have never seen anything less fairylike than the heavily over-decorated walls, friezes, ceilings, chimney-pieces, cupboards, etc. Like Nature, Burges, it seems, abhorred a vacuum: the viewing eye sought in vain for an empty space. No doubt the materials are of fine quality and the workmanship often first-rate, but for me the excess of surface decoration soon grew fatiguing and would before long have become asphyxiating. In a series showing typical

English homes down the ages this curiosity, whatever its aesthetic quality, was surely out of place. It is unique, not representative.

'I Was a Stranger', an 'Eye to Eye' programme, was a portrait on film and in the words of the inmates of life in the Salvation Army hostel in Bermondsey. The absence of a B.B.C. representative mediating between viewer and inmates allowed the programme to make its full impact and it left an extremely vivid impression. One of television's most valuable functions is to bring visibly and audibly before the viewer the immense variety and vicissitudes of human life; and this programme was entirely successful in displaying a kind of existence of which most of us are ignorant.

'Tonight', too, in its briefer way, introduces us to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Last week we hobnobbed—indirectly—with stallholders in the Birmingham Rag Market and later with a few masters and men

of travelling shows; and a week or two ago we heard the views and sentiments of a group of charladies who showed themselves to be as lively and contented a set of people as one could wish to meet. During the Covent Garden and dockers' strikes, too, television made it possible for us to hear views from the mouths of a wide variety of horses concerned and, besides, to read moods and feelings in their faces.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Good Wives

THIS HAS BEEN a week for little women and good wives, though I hardly know what dear Miss Alcott would have made of it. First, Mrs. Wickens—'Lyddie'. She was over in France with her husband from a town in Illinois. Though they tried hard to believe that they were enjoying themselves, the whole trip to Europe was dust-and-ashes. Why hadn't they settled for California or New Mexico?

According to 'Mrs. Wickens in the Fall' they had come to see the land their dead son had known. Sadly, they persevered; but everything changed when they had to stay behind, through Mrs. Wickens' lameness, in a small provincial town. A day or two later—not so long by viewers' time—we knew that while only two Wickenses had come from America, three would go back: at least, two and a friend.



A room in the Tower House, Kensington, designed in 1876 by William Burges, seen in 'The Englishman's Home—V', on September 5

I am aware of that pricking of the eyelids which in weaker souls portends tears and I was surprised that no member of the team noted that the impulse to weep is never instigated by profoundly pathetic or tragic stuff. Perhaps this is not universally true but, if it were, the reason for it might provoke a very interesting discussion.

The question 'Can philosophy or science help us to appreciate art?' set off a long and engrossing debate to which Professor Ayer's reply 'Science perhaps to a point; philosophy no'—these were not his exact words—threw an interesting light on his philosophy. Alan Melville was the cheerful and efficient question-master.

'There's no place like home' runs the sentimental song, and I felt like echoing the cynic's 'Thank God!' when John Betjeman had finished conducting me round the Tower House, Kensington, the fifth of the 'Englishmen's Homes'. It was designed for himself in 1876 by the Gothic Revival architect William Burges. Mr. Betjeman called it a



'Henry' making mattresses at Spa Road, Bermondsey: from an 'Eye to Eye' programme, 'I Was a Stranger', on September 6, which dealt with a Salvation Army hostel and factory



John Stirling as François, Macdonald Parke as Bob Wickens, and Natalie Lynn as his wife Lyddie, in 'Mrs. Wickens in the Fall' on September 8

Given that skeleton, you might suppose that Nigel Kneale, the dramatist, had written a very quiet autumnal comedy, wavering on a hair-line of pathos. If it had been sound-radio, you might have suspected something by a student of Henry James, but it was the Sunday-night television play and must therefore be reasonably direct. To my surprise, it proved to be what was once called a tear-jerker: a quite implausible anecdote after which, like Gilbert's Lord Chancellor, Mr. Kneale might have distinctly perceived a tear glistening in his own eye. One did in mine. No doubt I should now behave fashionably and 'take the mickey' out of the author—an obscure process sometimes regarded as a critic's task—but on Sunday I felt that Mr. Kneale had known how to develop his artificial story, and that Michael Elliott had produced it in suitable television terms.

It could have been better, I agree. Mrs. Wickens herself lacked some of the truth of her husband. Acted by Macdonald Parke, he was precisely right: kind, bewildered, defeated by this odd continental world. Natalie Lynn, a good actress, had to sob and to fuss a little too much, and too repetitively: she remained a fictional personage—a fault shared by the snarling fanatic of Harold Lang—whereas both Mr. Parke and Ellen Pollock (as a French landlady) came unselfconsciously to life. As John Stirling played him, I could believe in the boy, offspring of a Nazi soldier and a collaboratrice. Even so, I kept wondering about the next chapter. The real play was untouched: the child—what would he become? A modern Ibsen would have begun five years farther on: Mr. Kneale was content to be a prologue. Still, and painstakingly, he had worked out his play for television, and it is my chief regret that he could not have found more persuasive occupation for a couple he had studied with care.

'How's your wife, father?' 'Does your wife know that you've come to see mother?' Obviously there are two women here, and Mrs. Wickens would have liked neither of them. We must decide for ourselves their value as good wives. St. John Ervine—for this is his comedy,

'The First Mrs. Fraser'—has clear views and expresses them with satisfying force. It may be only a diversion by the author of 'John Ferguson' and 'Jane Clegg', but none could have stirred a teacup-storm more vigorously. I fancy that 'Mrs. Fraser' will endure longer than some of us had imagined: I am ready to assume the sackcloth. From the West Region there were sharply accurate performances by Nora Swinburne, Gene Anderson, and William Fox, even if the production seemed, disconcertingly, to have the fidgets.

No complaints about Peter Potter's direction of 'Close My Door' earlier in the week. There, in an Old People's Home, the past clung round a dying woman. Leaves fell on her; machinery clattered above

absorbed persistence and undeniably enjoyed herself. Maybe the fifteen-minutes' programme was too short; perhaps Miss Russell needs to play herself in. I could not help recalling that moment (Miss Alcott speaks) when, in reply to Meg's 'It's been such a dismal day. I'm really dying for amusement', Jo breaks in with 'I had a queer time with Aunt today . . .', and goes on for the rest of the page.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Speaking Volumes

THE SECOND HAND that shortens a story into a script is all too likely to make the worst of both worlds. The result is no longer a novel and has not yet become a play. I shall be told that it is not to be judged as a novel, or as a play in the theatrical tradition, but as a specimen of the new genus, radio drama. The best original plays for radio, which are unfortunately few and far between, are the conclusive answer to this plea. They are not only better than most adapted

novels, they are different in kind; they have more of that intensified immediacy which is of the essence of drama. The theme has been conceived in dramatic terms and expressed solely in speeches scored for performers. Novels, naturally, are not written in this way. Adapters who rely mainly on ingenious selection from the novelist's text, however skilfully foreshortened and arranged, are not dramatists; they are merely popularisers. And it is at least open to question whether this sort of popularisation ought to become, as it threatens to do, the main activity of the Drama Department in sound broadcasting.

One argument used by the B.B.C. to justify the drastic reduction of intelligent talks is that most of these could be published and read in periodicals to greater advantage. How do those who think like this escape the implications of their argument as it applies to adapted novels? The argument is obviously more substantial here.



The Bulgarian State Ensemble on September 8: Dance of the Good and Evil Spirits

her; a dining-table grew from her bed. Susan Pearson had written the piece economically, and she had splendid aid from Nora Nicholson, whose life rose about her in death; Jessica Spencer and Mairhi Russell (who could make a bed most professionally); and Lally Bowers as a late visitor.

'Dixon of Dock Green', back with us again, had a variety of wives—this episode was more like a police-court document than a play—and from the rest of the week I think of the animation and simplicity of the Bulgarian State Ensemble, the desperate efforts to be funny in 'Closing Night', and one good shaggy-dog visual joke among the clatter of 'Double Six'.

So to my major disappointment. Anna Russell, with her reputation for burlesquing little women in song, barely wrung a laugh from me, though she made her faces and voices with



Scene from 'The First Mrs. Fraser' on September 5, with (left to right) Irene Hall as Mabel, Gene Anderson as Elsie Fraser, and Nora Swinburne as Janet Fraser



The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE



NEW SCHWEPTON

Long admired as a Schweppshire land-mark, Schwepton Hall has been turned to new uses. Once the annexe to the hunting lodge of the footman of the favourite of Anne of Schwellenburg, it came later, by the natural processes of democratisation, under the ownership of the first Marquis of Schweppingham, who created Schwepton Hall Golf Course (9 holes), and whose ashes are buried in the bunker guarding the 8th green.

When in 1925 the second Marquis moved to two rooms over the village post-office, Schwepton Hall Co-educational was founded. The ideal of "New Schwepton" was the creation of a tremendously modern school in tremendously ancient surroundings. "Well proportioned old drain pipes mean well balanced boys," said Founder Uschewski, "but modernised art goes best with modernised play pens," he continued, placing an abstract on concrete. "It's what you take in through the back of your neck which matters," he remarked noticing that the boys seemed to be paying no attention. It is said that this great educationist once talked for eight months without actually mentioning anything, though he had left fairly extraordinary objects lying about.

Our picture shows Schwepton today, a little dimmed in spirit, with even a touch of stale-mate. Twenty-five years of never saying "don't" has not left the Fifth Form master looking any younger. The Picasso prints are yellow and peeling. A new boy recently sneaked off to the woods to indulge in some secret Latin prose composition. Two misfit girls ran away to the Establishment for the Daughters of Fairly Distinguished Gentlewomen.

But the spirit of Schwepton will prevail. Four hundred and eighty successive Common Entrance candidates will not have failed in vain.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Novels are written to be read. Something of their quality is inevitably lost in adaptation. Novels are easily and universally available in public and other libraries. None of these considerations applies with the same force to stage plays of comparable literary quality.

'The American', broadcast in the Third on Sunday last week, is a case in point. It was ably adapted and produced by Mary Hope Allen and well enough acted. But it could not evoke, for anyone familiar with Henry James' novel, an experience of the quality of the book itself. How many of those listeners who did not know the novel, hearing the story in this way, would be stimulated to read the book for themselves?

A sub-plot that is an asset in a novel may easily become a liability in an adaptation. Miss Allen's conscientious inclusion of the American's early and final meeting with Néomie helped to prolong the adaptation to more than two hours without doing much to illuminate the central situation between the American and the daughter of a proud French family, whom he hopes to marry. James' dialogue is subtle and sensitive, but was not meant to be the sole medium through which the relationship of Newman and Claire was to be communicated. Consequently, Claire's submission to her family's obstinate orders and Newman's conversion from vengeance to virtue, which are the climax of the tale, engaged us only as spectators, not as participants.

I am sorry to seem so hard on Mary Hope Allen, whose task rather than talent is here in question, but I must say that her production of Jean Morris' version of George Meredith's novel 'The Egoist' in the Home Service on Monday last week was still less successful. I find Meredith a rather tiresome writer anyway. But the plot, of a ridiculous self-centred snob trying desperately to get some woman to marry him so that he may not be ridiculed as a twice-jilted suitor, provides a promising comic action. Unfortunately, Sir Willoughby Patterne, reduced to dialogue, is not a part but a pattern which repeats itself without variation throughout the piece, like Brighton rock.

Up to a point, fiction does lend itself to serial treatment. Trollope is a good choice, and the first instalment of 'The Claverings' (Home, September 1) went very tolerably. On the other hand, to divert Turgenev's 'The Torrents of Spring' into trickles—ten successive week-day instalments of only fifteen minutes each—is defensible only as an attempt, and surely a mistaken one, to establish nightly listening habits in a Home Service audience whose attention may be wandering.

But the main question is not whether it is better to adapt novels in two-hour scripts or fifteen-minute fillets. It is whether, unless they are to be radically rehandled by professional dramatists, it is not better to concentrate on readings from the novels as the novelists left them.

Chancing to switch on early for a morning recital in the Home Service last Friday, I heard a repeat of John Slater's reading of a Wilkie Collins suspense story, 'Blow Up with the Brig' originally broadcast in the Senior English series for schools. Here, instantly and unmistakably, was real radio drama, though little of it was in dialogue. It was not the Edgar Allan Poe type of plot, a bound man watching a candle burning down to the explosives, but the way in which the writer used the resources of language which evoked a full range of reactions in the listener. The inference would seem to be that if the Drama Department is going to rely increasingly on standard novels it should either have them read as written or cease to confuse digest-and-dialogue with the more risky and radical rehandling that might, sometimes at least, yield first-rate radio drama.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

'To and fro in the earth'

'AND THE LORD said unto Satan, "Whence comest thou?" Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it"'. Many listeners must have felt similarly after hearing Professor Blackett deliver his presidential address 'Technology and World Advancement' to the British Association in Dublin. The address was far from satanic. For range of reference and depth of seriousness this was, beyond doubt, the most significant speech of the week. 'I believe that the uneven division of power and wealth', Professor Blackett ended: 'The wide differences of health and comfort among the nations of mankind are the sources of discord in the modern world, its major challenge and, unrelieved, its moral doom'.

These words remained with me, like a warning buzz, while listening to other talks last week. Take the discussion on Thursday evening, 'The Market for Airliners'. The three speakers, a Dutchman and two Englishmen, made it clear that the growth of air-traffic was expected to double in the next five years. If 80,000,000 people flew last year on western airlines, 160,000,000 might be expected to fly in five years and some 300,000,000 in ten years' time. This might entail some 2,000 to 3,000 additional aircraft, and by 1970 perhaps 5,000 additional aircraft. The figures were guess-work; what was certain was the tremendous requirement in the near future for new jets and turbo-props. Would the jets gradually supersede the turbo-props? Or what would their proportion be? By the late nineteen-sixties, would there be only jets on the long hauls, with turbo-props reserved for short-distance flights? Would a system of differential fares be established with cheaper seats on slower-speed aeroplanes? When would the possibility of a supersonic airliner become reality? These are questions of vital importance to aircraft manufacturers and airlines alike. I can imagine their being argued with vigour and a string of statistics in hangars, round conference tables, or in aerodrome bar-rooms. But what we heard was a mere genteel echo. Quarrels are exciting, not discussions. We all like to hear a good argument.

Here was a touchstone of western technological advance. What about 'World Advancement', to use the other term of Professor Blackett's equation? On Saturday night Mr. Darsie Gillie, *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Paris, commented on the French political scene. It was a talk exemplary for clarity, neighbourly discretion, and that touch of personal passion without which any talk, however good, is about as memorable as an article in an encyclopedia.

Of all problems facing France today—finance, rebuilding, education—Algeria looms largest. Despite our own recent Mau Mau, and the continued and bloody impasse in Cyprus, British opinion has been slow to grasp the French problem. We think of our Commonwealth; we point with pride at the recent creation of an independent Ghana or Malaya. But the French constitution—this is what Mr. Gillie made clear—never provided for a federal system. There is no 'ghost' in the French tradition to give it birth. 'Indivisibility' was the cry of the French Revolution. Corsica and Alsace became parts of the French Union with representation in the French parliament. Algeria is as much a part of France for many Frenchmen as Scotland is to us of Great Britain. The Irish problem makes a good parallel. This so recurrent and disastrous a theme in our own nineteenth-century political life has become the Algerian problem of the twentieth-century French. Though the Place de l'Indivisibilité has been re-christened the Place des Vosges, it is still in terms of union that the

French understand and attempt to solve their problem. A new tradition may still be forged. If there are no ghosts of Burke or Washington or Gandhi active in Paris, there are—and here Mr. Gillie's voice swelled with passion—the ghosts of Voltaire and the *philosophes* who preached the Rights of Man, and of all those who suffered during the last war at the hands of the Gestapo. These ghosts are alive among many Frenchmen today.

'The triumph of the West', said Professor Blackett, 'over both nature and the world went to its head'. Without hope of kudos or personal profit the West must share and continue to share its wealth and technical achievement with the pre-industrial countries of the world. It must also, which is perhaps even more important, forget 'the doctrine of the innate superiority of white peoples'. Is this too sanguine a hope in a week when, as Professor Beloff made clear in 'At Home and Abroad', some of the same confusions which led to the American Civil War are again bedevilling the South and the Governor of Arkansas has called out the National Guard to surround the public school of Little Rock?

HAROLD BEAVER

MUSIC

Eloge

A SHADOW WAS CAST upon the final week of the Edinburgh Festival by the death of Dennis Brain, who had been playing in the Philharmonia Orchestra and with his chamber consort, and was due to appear as soloist in a concerto by Strauss with the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra last Friday. Brain was one of those rare musicians who arouse, besides admiration for their art, the affection of those who never even meet them outside the concert-hall, by charm of personality and modesty of bearing. His quite exceptional qualities as a horn player, in which he was rivalled only by his father, make his death at so early an age an irreparable loss to music. He was appropriately commemorated at the concert, in which he should have played, by a performance of the 'Unfinished' Symphony.

The Concertgebouw Orchestra occupied the Usher Hall during the final week and three of their concerts were broadcast. At one Rudolf Firkusny, who had played a new, but not particularly striking, concerto by Martinu with the Philharmonia, gave a masterly performance of Beethoven's Third in C minor. At the second, Szymon Goldberg gave a fluent and well poised performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, if I may judge from what I heard of it owing to its overlapping with Julius Harrison's Requiem Mass at Worcester. For his own part, Eduard van Beinum concentrated mainly on French music, and gave a beautiful performance of Debussy's 'La Mer'. The orchestral programmes at Edinburgh continue to concentrate mainly on things well known, venturing little further than Strauss, Mahler, and Bruckner, and, when they do, risking nothing more difficult than Martinu or early Stravinsky. Boris Blacher's ingenious and sometimes witty Variations on a Theme of Paganini (the usual one!) which was played by the Scottish National Orchestra, but not broadcast, was an exception to the rule.

Two song recitals by Victoria de los Angeles and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau accompanied (need I say?) superbly by Gerald Moore were heard, the second in part, by listeners to the Home Service. Mme. de los Angeles has mastered the art of *Lieder*-singing and gave beautiful performances of Brahms and Schubert. The sustained line of 'An die Musik' was especially notable. Three songs by Fauré were

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no less successful, the singer bringing to them the lighter tones and more precise diction that the French demands. For the rest she returned to her native Spain, where she has no equal. Fischer-Dieskau, who had sung in Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde' under Klemperer in the second week, devoted himself entirely to Schubert and redeemed his reputation as a singer which had not been enhanced by his recent performance as the Count in 'Figaro'. 'Frühlings- Traum' and 'Der Erlkönig' gave the measure of his range of interpretation.

Julius Harrison's Requiem, the chief novelty at the Three Choirs Festival, was designed as a tribute to Elgar in his centenary year. But, though one need not for a moment suggest that

Harrison's wish to commemorate an admired composer in his native city was anything but strong and sincere, the impulse was insufficient to produce a work of such large scope that can stand comparison with the beautiful setting of the Ordinary of the Mass produced two or three years ago. So far as one could make out, Harrison has handled the large forces employed with great skill and occasionally with impressive effect, but the total result seemed 'academic'.

From the Promenade Concerts came a relay of a new Pianoforte Concerto by Richard Arnell, played by Ross Pratt with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, in which some not very distinguished material was inflated into a wind-bag of conventional romanticism. Stick a pin in

it anywhere, and the whole thing would sag and subside. The great event of the week at the Albert Hall was the reappearance of Mme. Flagstad, who came out of retirement to take part in a concert devoted to Grieg's music in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death. To judge from her singing of two groups of songs, including the fine 'From Monte Pincio' and 'A Swan', there seems no reason why we should not be able to enjoy the beauty of her voice for many years to come whenever she can be enticed to sing to us. For the rest, the programme, directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent, surveyed Grieg's music from the Pianoforte Concerto to 'Sigurd Jorsalfar' and 'Peer Gynt'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Max Reger

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

Songs by Reger will be broadcast at 7.20 p.m. on Sunday, September 15, and his Mozart Variations at 9.0 p.m. on Friday, September 20 (both Third Programme)

MAX REGER'S music has been the major formative influence over a wide area of European music during the last fifty years, although in England we have known this largely through the unconscious ambassadorship of other composers, notably Hindemith. To find how strong such influence has been can be rather a shock; listening recently to solo violin sonatas by Reger and Hindemith in succession made this all the more vivid.

Apart from the quality of Reger's music as art of a very high order, his work has a two-fold value for us today: the tremendous discipline audible in every line and the close attentive listening enforced by his treatment of tonality. He is one of the very few composers since Bach of whom it can be said that he seldom miscalculated, and that, no matter how simple or how complex the music, nothing is there for show: he never wrote eye-music. Every note is heard, every note has been calculated, and the removal of even one note upsets the balance of the whole. One of the depths of beauty that music can give us is this sense of a completeness of design in details as well as in the whole, and in this Reger never fails.

Reger neither broke with the past nor did he consciously imitate it. He merely continued it into the present, which is all any composer can do who is not without roots. Simply by settling down to his job of writing his own music, with the fundamentals handed him from the past, he was further unrolling the complex-patterned carpet. He is the great testing-ground of tonality; in him the whole of classical tonality is seen at its extremes; he is the great rock against which all waves of attack on tonality dash themselves to pieces. In him every part has been seen at every angle, fully handled, tested, and the whole seen again, still gloriously intact and vital. He is flexible because he is certain; his centres of gravity can be felt, or sensed, even when they are not actually sounded, and he sometimes puts this to the test by sounding his key from its outer limits and circling round the centre rather than actually touching it. To the eye this can appear extremely complicated; to the ear nothing is more certain.

He can write a simple attractive tune that will beguile anyone; there are innumerable examples in his short piano pieces and the songs from the voluminous 'Schlichte Weisen'. But he shows us as well a depth of beauty which is directly in line with truth, which is not melodic, in the completeness and discipline of his textures, and

in his harmony. With every great composer, and but seldom with composers of talent, it is possible to find moments of revelation, when it becomes indubitable that one is listening to a master of eloquence, and that he is being eloquent about something worth while. There are literally dozens of such moments in Reger's work, but I will instance two—the beginning of the third variation in the Bach Variations for piano and the opening of the slow movement of the Piano Concerto. Both are harmonic; in the accepted sense there is no melody; in a deeper sense they have the strength which goes with all Reger's intensely quiet writing, and this bulks large in his output. It is the strength which conveys a melodic sense by beauty of texture rather than by actual melody; or perhaps it would be truer to say that it has an inner melody, lying deep rather than on the surface. Such passages convey a spirit which is not in the notes, examine or analyse them as we will.

There is humour, too, in Reger's music, and a deep feeling for humanity. His humour can be satirical, it can be 'unbuttoned', to use Beethoven's expressive word, and frequently it is conveyed in purely musical terms, as it is in Dvořák's superb 'Scherzo Capriccioso'. Of his purely musical humour, depending on the power to laugh at a classic tradition while using it, there is a magnificent example in the first movement of the Violin Concerto, the more extraordinary in this case since the movement as a whole is calm and serene. It might here be called a sense of comedy, of high spirits arising from an almost ecstatic happiness. The soloist at the end of the exposition gives a flourishing run up to a top note, the orchestra dutifully sounding a dominant chord against it; with the soloist's top note, however, the orchestra answers its dominant with an entirely 'wrong' and unexpected chord. In the recapitulation the soloist again plays his run but, not to be caught again, omits the top note, whereupon the orchestra answers its dominant with the right chord.

Of his deep humanity and the universal voice which speaks to all people and expresses their inarticulate and often unconscious yearning, the wonderful middle section, 'Erkennet, dass der Herr Gott ist!', of his setting for chorus, orchestra and organ of the 100th Psalm, is a sufficient witness. This is universal music, riding far above limitations of local dialect and national speech, and again it is of the order of the deep, inner melody that speaks through harmony. With his feeling for humanity and his great contrapuntal genius there goes something that is

strong and yet slender—something that can only be called dainty, and, massive as his music can be, this daintiness, which can be found in the first two-thirds of many of his largest fugues, is equally typical of him. It is true, also, that the *pppp* with which his last great organ fugue begins is as much *echt*-Reger as the massive climax with which it ends. His structures owe their tremendous stability as much to his quiet contemplation as to his jubilant triumph.

Apart from a few early unpublished experiments, Reger's orchestral music clusters towards the end of his short career (he died in 1916, at the age of forty-three), and is contained in some dozen major works. The 'Variations and Fugue on a theme of Mozart', composed in 1914, is a superb way to get to know something of the heart of this essentially simple but often complex man. To Mozart all credit for composing this lovely tune, but its selection for variations was a stroke of genius which is only partly Mozart's, and the work is a valuable object lesson in the comparison of style. The theme, as a theme, is typical of the gracious side of Mozart but, even by the time we have heard the theme in Reger's orchestral dress, we are beginning to forget that Mozart had anything to do with it, and this impression deepens as the variations unfold. The graciousness with which the work is filled is all Reger's. Extreme Mozartians may resent this, although Mozart remains unaffected, but there is no doubt that if one is going to write variations on someone else's theme, such a complete absorption, lock, stock, and barrel, is essential. The borrowing must be on the grand scale and it must be justified creatively. Reger has succeeded magnificently.

The variety of character displayed throughout the eight variations never forgets that graciousness is the mainspring of the theme, or that it has many aspects. The counterpoints which continually show new facets of the tune they adorn seem to be inexhaustible, and perhaps the one that sings longest in the memory is the lovely inversion and reversal of the opening rhythm (not of the actual melody—a subtle touch) which accompanies the tune in Variation 7.

The final fugue has one of Reger's finest long, quietly pattering subjects which, as well as being a splendid counterpoint to the theme, is also a perfect harmonic variation of its first half. On this is built a main fugue, a second subject appears briefly, the two are combined, and finally both combine with the first half of Mozart's theme. Here colossal ingenuity is subservient to and is the cause of great music.

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For the Housewife

Floors and Floor Coverings

By J. P. MOSTYN

THE first problem about floors and floor coverings comes from a housewife who says that she has an inlaid linoleum that will not keep clean. She wants to know if there is any kind of dressing that will give it a smooth surface. A regular wipe over with a mixture of two parts of boiled linseed oil to one part of turpentine will keep the linoleum in good condition. Incidentally, this type of floor covering should never be washed with soap and water.

Another listener has a similar linoleum that has been treated with liquid polish which now needs removing. This may not be too easy—depending largely on the kind of polish that was used. A polish with a wax content can usually be removed with turpentine or turpentine substitute; but if it was one of the spirit polishes, some such substance as methylated spirits will have to be used. The answer is to experiment with these in an odd corner, using a cloth saturated with each solvent in turn.

A much more difficult problem has arisen for another listener. Her linoleum has been painted with a high-gloss cream enamel which does not stand up to wear. The trouble is that this stuff cannot be removed without damaging the linoleum; and that is the snag with all these methods of decorating this type of floor covering. The time comes when one is faced either with scrapping the linoleum when the paint becomes badly worn and scratched or of putting on more paint. And that, I fear, is the only answer in this case. It is better, however, to use paint specially designed for this purpose, which can be obtained from any paint shop.

My next question is how to repair a hole in linoleum, which is becoming bigger with wear. The most effective method is to cut out the broken and worn patch to make the hole square. Cut a piece of linoleum to fit exactly, smear it and the floor with one of the many good plastic adhesives on sale these days, spreading it also under the edges of the old linoleum, insert the patch and place a flat iron—or some other heavy object—over it for a few hours.

Another query concerns red kitchen tiles that not even red polish can restore. The listener enquires whether something of the nature of liquid lino would be a possible remedy. A cement paint would last longer than lino-paint for this purpose, especially if it were kept well protected with one of the silicone polishes. Any good paint shop will supply this special type of paint. An alternative solution would be to cover the floor with one of the new plastic coatings, which can be brushed on and are very hard wearing.

What is the best method of restoring Wooden floors which have been long neglected? The most comprehensive overhaul would be to clean off all old polish with a cloth saturated with white spirit. Then the wood should be bleached to remove all the stains. This is done by using a bleaching liquid which you can buy from a paint shop, and by following carefully the maker's instructions printed on the container. The floor should then be white and clean, and can be polished to a good surface with any of the reputable floor polishes.

My final question is about staining and polishing a floor surround. Presumably the

boards are now bare, therefore the best kind of stain would be a water or spirit stain which would be absorbed into the wood, and so would not be rubbed off by the polishing process. But do not be alarmed if a little is taken off the hard grain where it is unable to sink in, as this will improve the look of the floor by revealing the grain of the wood.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

DARSIE GILLIE (page 375): *The Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Paris

SIR HILARY BLOOD, G.B.E., K.C.M.G. (page 377): Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius 1949-54, of Barbados 1947-49, and in the Gambia 1942-7

COLIN LEYS (page 379): Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford

D. F. MACDONALD (page 385): Professor of Modern Social and Economic History, University of St. Andrews, since 1955; Secretary (later General Manager), National Association of Port Employers, 1943-55

ERICA LEYS (page 387): a Kent magistrate; member of the Howard League for Penal Reform

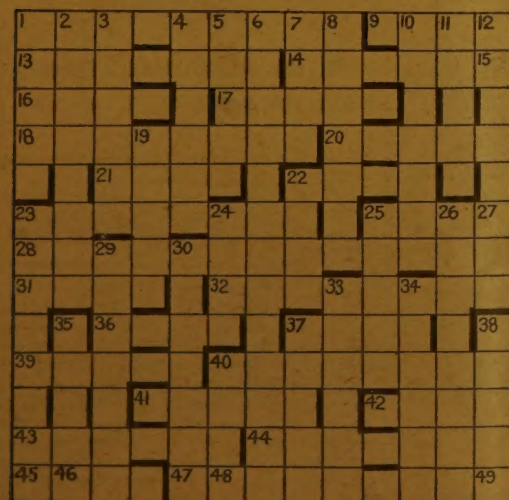
SEWELL STOKES (page 389): author of *A Clown in Clover*, *Beyond His Means*, *Recital in Paris*, etc.

D. G. CHRISTOPHERSON (page 391): Professor of Applied Science, Imperial College of Science and Technology, since 1955; Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Leeds University, 1949-55

Crossword No. 1,424. Head Hunting—IV. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s. and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 19. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The first letter of every light is out of place. Thus, if the answer to a clue were SLEEP, it would be entered as LSEEP, LESEP, LEESP, or LEEPS. The diagonals 11-15, 7-27, 1-49, 31-48, 43-46, form an appropriate Shakespearean quotation, in which an apostrophe has been ignored. All words, other than proper nouns, are in *Chambers's Dictionary, Mid-Century Version*.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Trade-mark I lodged in a kind of Esperanto record (9)
9. Almost rapid expression of impatience (4)
13. Liberty hanging onto a slender thread—that's fit for the cinema (7)
14. The tiniest scrap will give pain or shock (6)
16. To show your contempt for a bumpkin, just bow (4)
17. Approach the Board with the centre forward (5)
18. Sapling has crooked stock (8, hyphen)
20. Among seedsmen it represents a salt (5)
21. A girl sounds like a myth, if you do! (4)
22. The bullfinch has a bald patch on his head (4)
23. In the quadrille movement a feeble old man has nothing to lose (8)
25. Town in Burma almost as big as Leigh (4)
28. Followers of the old school made Latin satire so involved (13)
31. The aged may spot anything that's small (4)
32. Various morphias can prepare you for the sharp saw! (8)
36. It may be funny to hear it, but this is romance (4)
37. Users of strong language bolt off in fits of perversity (4)
39. A Test, though unfinished, entrances (5)
40. Atmosphere is conducive to the ball's spin—it makes a flier really hum! (8, hyphen)
41. The spasm, or the twitches (5)
42. Here's a man-eater—try turning about (4)
43. Scatter the seed around to prepare tubers (6)
44. Having the husband grasped by one of the look-outs is kinder (7)
45. Made amorous advances without invitation—that's living! (4)
47. Everyone's caught in the rain, but it's not so penetrating (9)

DOWN

1. For a lyric writer, hypnotic force is needed at the tune's very outset (5)
2. Region of mists—shimmering in film, eh? (8)
3. Danced beneath Costello's grave (6)
4. Chief's mate swallowing the whole band (6)
5. Sheba's long but shortened palm (5)
6. A nuthopper is a hybrid, like a type of flea (13)
7. Just see a dictator twitch, then duck! (4)
8. Don't say anything! The bit of nickel in a gold coin is concerning the Cabinet (7)
10. Self-sufficiency: that's always having a coffer tucked away after a dol! (7)
11. Comb-shaped organ installed in domestic tenements (5)
12. Explosive hics forced up—it's the gin (8)
19. Here's a preliminary list of candidates to abuse (5)
22. Keen to make keen (4)
23. A young salmon has love moods, caused by glands (8)
24. Only a fool has to run to work (4)
25. Borders are shooting up, and then the rain starts to drizzle (5)
26. Wine keeps greedy Scots in a healthy environment (8)
29. This platform is low, and most expensive to alter (7)
30. Have you tasted something like pike? (7)
33. Synchronous depression with hail coming up in between (6)
34. Kind of duck to get laboriously round the creek (6)
35. It's smooth enough to rescue about half of us (5)
37. I object to what's strange, uncouth, and leprous (5)
38. The propeller is a real din-maker (5)
40. Pirates, while boasting no Homers, display an affectation of superiority (4)

Solution of No. 1,422

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KREYOTTRIT
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